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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRIDE IN HER CHAMBER.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
Thou hast called me thine angel in moments of bliss,
Still thine angel I'll be midst the horrors of this!
Through the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!
MOORE.

Let us return to the bereaved bride.

It will be remembered that when she quietly withdrew from the saloon, Mrs. Willoughby and Madam Auderly met her in the hall, where the old lady took the newly married maiden to her aged bosom, prayed God to bless her in the union with the husband of her choice, pressed a kiss upon her brow, and bade her good night.

Mrs. Willoughby then conducted Honora down the hall, to the last door on the left hand side, where they found Lily Auderly and the matronly waiting-woman, Ruby, in attendance.

Ruby, with a low courtesy, opened the door, and they all entered the bridal chamber.

It was a beautiful room, corresponding to that of Madam Auderly, which was just across the hall. All the exquisite taste and affectionate care of the girls had been lavished upon its arrangement. The walls were covered with a pearl-white paper; the floor with a carpet having a pretty pattern of roses upon a white ground; the tall windows, the elegant toilet table, the luxurious arm chair, the comfortable lounge, the superb tent bedstead; were all draped *en suite* with hangings of embroidered lace, lined with rose-colored chambrey; the richest of those rich Marseilles quilts and toilet covers were in place. The mirror was half vailed with fine lace, festooned back with clusters of red roses; upon the table before it were set in order the many delicate elegancies of the toilet—curious and costly *flacons*, filled with exquisite perfumes; rare and priceless boxes made of precious metals, woods and shells; and in the midst of all, a beautiful pincushion, the handiwork of Lily, made of white velvet, embroidered and fringed with seed pearls. Ottoman and footstools covered *en suite* with white lace over rose-colored chambrey, were strewed about at convenient intervals. A bright coal fire in the polished steel grate, tempered by a rose-colored, transparent screen that stood before it, radiated a genial warmth through the chamber. Lastly, from the centre of the ceiling, hung a chandelier of silver plate and crystal glass, with a single light under a rose-colored shade, that diffused a soft glow over the whole scene.

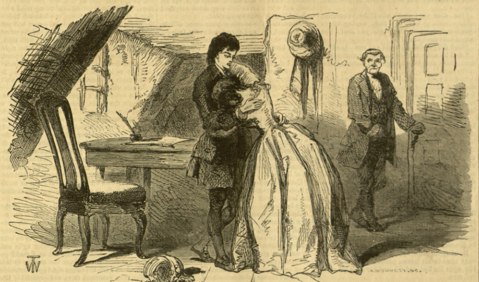
As the bride entered this pretty room, her zealous attendants hastened to wait upon her; Lily drew forward the easy chair in which she seated herself; Ruby placed the ottoman under her feet; Mrs. Willoughby lifted the vail and the wreath from her brow; and so they proceeded to relieve her of her ornaments—Honora submitting as a matter of etiquette.

When they had put away her splendid wedding-dress, and vail, and wreath, and jewels, and put on her a rich dressing-gown of white cashmere, embroidered and lined with white silk, and placed her prayer-book at her hand, Mrs. Willoughby and Lily Auderly embraced and kissed her; her nurse, Ruby, lifted her hand to her lips, and bursting into tears, prayed God that her dear young lady's married life might be as happy as her maiden life had been good; and so they all withdrew.

She remained, wrapped in her white cashmere gown, seated in the easy-chair, before the toilet table, where they had left her to herself and her own thoughts—thoughts as pure, as sweet, and as holy as ever graced chamber or chapel—as ever filled the bosom of saint on earth, or angel in heaven. For with her heart overflowing with love, and gratitude, and praise, she sat and mused—and, in musing, prayed; prayed that in the great blessedness of her own highly-favored lot, she might ever remember to aid, comfort, and bless, so far as she should have power, and they have need, all those whose earthly fate was less happy than her own;—that amid the high distinctions which awaited her, no less from her own exalted position than from the rising celebrity of her distinguished husband, she might remain very meek and grateful—remembering "Who" had made her "to differ," and offering upon the altar of her heart an unceasing ovation of thanksgiving to Him;—also that, above all earthly considerations, and only next to being a faithful handmaiden of the Lord, she might be a true wife to her adored husband;—that the profound devotion which now inspired her heart—making her feel as if her own will were completely submerged in his—might be made her permanent disposition towards him;—that neither pride, nor temper, nor self-will, nor any other form of selfishness might ever enter into her bosom, or alloy the love she bore him;—that she might be found quite worthy of him, and equal to all his requirements—wife, friend, companion, counsellor, comforter, servant, if need were—all in one!

So Honora Paule—nay, Honora Dulanie—sat and mused, while the moments glided by. The sound of the revelry, in soft murmurs, occasionally met her ear. The footsteps of passers in the hall sometimes arrested her attention.

At last the commanding step of one which she would have recognized amid ten thousand other steps, made her heart bound, her cheek flush, and her breath stop, as she listened; but without approaching her door he passed up stairs; and she breathed freely, smiled softly to herself, and sank back into her chair.


THE FIRST MEETING OF GODFREY AND HONORA AFTER HIS ARREST.

A few minutes passed, and then the same well-known step came lightly down the stairs.

And while she held her breath and listened—smiling, blushing, waiting—the front door bell was loudly rung.

"A messenger for some one of the guests," was the silent interpretation of Honora.

She heard the door opened, and the subdued sound of voices; but paid little attention; for half in desire and half in dread she was listening to catch again the sound of those beloved footsteps that had paused somewhere in the hall. There was an increasing though still a half-suppressed excitement in the passage-way.

"Some one is departing," she thought.

She listened longer—still for that one footstep which came not back. There was an ever augmenting commotion without—the sound of many people hurrying to and fro and eagerly conversing, though still in subdued tones.

"The company is breaking up," she said to herself.

But the confusion was extending. Many persons hurried down the hall. The door of Madam Auderly's chamber, immediately opposite to her own, was thrown open, and some one was borne in thither.

"A lady has fainted," concluded Honora, with an impulse to rush out to the relief of the supposed sufferer, which was only checked by the sudden recollection that the swooning woman, whomsoever she might be, had every sort of attention she could possibly require.

All this while, the guests were heard departing.

At length the excitement began gradually to subside.

At last all was silent.

Still Honora, reclining in her easy-chair, with her half-vailed eyes and soft smile, mused and listened. Why came not back that footstep?

Ah! who should tell her?

The clock struck two. Honora started at the sound.

"So late! or rather so early! How exceedingly strange that he should be still absent!" she thought.

Just then there came a rap at the door. It was not *his* rap—instinct told her that at once. So with surprise she answered:

"Come in."

Mrs. Willoughby, pallid, trembling, troubled, opened the door and entered.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the matter?" exclaimed Honora, alarmed at her appearance.

"Oh, Honora, Honora, my dear!" cried the lady, approaching and sinking into the nearest chair.

Honora arose, pale, but self-possessed, saying in a firm, calm, steady tone:

"Some misfortune has occurred; tell me at once what is its nature."

"Oh, my dear—Godfrey!"

"*Oh, my Saviour!—Godfrey!* What of him?" exclaimed Honora, losing some portion of her self-control.

"Oh, my dear—my dear! how shall I ever break it to you?"

"Speak—speak! *Godfrey*—you said *Godfrey!*" exclaimed Honora, growing frightfully pale, and grasping the back of her chair for support.

"Oh, Honora, Honora!—prepare yourself! prepare yourself!"

"Heaven! WILL you tell me, or shall I have to rush out to seek for information?" exclaimed the bride, starting forward towards the door.

Mrs. Willoughby sprung up and intercepted her, saying, as she forced her to resume her seat:

"Honora, sit down. I will tell you everything. Only compose yourself—be a woman."

"Then, on your life—on your soul, do not keep me an instant longer on the rack. Speak—Oh, speak! *Godfrey!*—what has happened to him?"

"Oh, my child! Godfrey Dulanie has been arrested."

"ARRESTED!" echoed Honora, in even more wonder than terror, for her worst fear, that of his death, was relieved; "arrested, did you say?"

"Yes, yes."

"Arrested! good heaven! But upon what possible pretext? He was not in debt."

"Oh, my dear! my dear! *he* was not arrested for debt."

"For what, then? Mrs. Willoughby, you agonize me."

"No, no, Honora; I save you all I can."

"For what has my husband been arrested? Speak!—answer me to the point, or I go to——"

"Hear it from ruder lips. Honora, listen and be strong. Your husband has been arrested for—murder!"

"*Murder!* Oh, God!" cried Honora, covering her face with both hands, and sinking back in her chair.

A pause of several dreadful moments intervened, and then, in a low, sepulchral voice, she said:

"Tell me more—tell me all. With whose—murder—has he been so falsely, so insanely charged?"

"Oh, Honora, with that of Mr. Hugh Hawe—twelve months since."

"With the murder of his grandfather! Oh, heaven of heavens!" cried Honora, nearly overwhelmed with horror, as she fell back in her chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"My dear Honora, we do not know upon what grounds this charge has been made; but, of course, we do not believe it to be true."

"Believe it! *Perish* the soul so base as to believe such an impossibility of Godfrey Dulanie!" broke forth Honora, in indignant reply.

"My dear, I hope nobody does."

"Where is he now?"

"Honora, it could not be helped. Everything was done to prevent it; but the sheriff——"

"Where is my husband? Will you tell me, or shall I go forth to seek him?"

"Honora, Honora, have patience, my dear. He was taken off to——"

"To——?"

"The county jail, my child."

"The county jail! Oh, saints in heaven! must that be his lodging this night?"

"It could not be prevented, my dear."

"Oh, madam, madam! you call yourself my friend, and yet, while I lingered here awaiting him, you suffered my husband to be carried off to prison, without coming to warn me, that I might have seen him before his departure; that I might, perhaps, have been permitted to go with him. Oh, Mrs. Willoughby, Mrs. Willoughby, was that the part of a friend?" cried Honora, bitterly.

"Yes, my dear, that *was* the part of a friend, although you may not consider it so. Honora, we did not wish you to be exposed, as, had you been informed of what was going on, your agitation must have exposed you to the gaping wonder of the crowd," replied the minister's wife, conciliatingly.

"Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel! But I, to remain here in vain lamentations, am just as cruel. Mrs. Willoughby, the bell-rope is within your reach; will you do me the favor to pull it?"

"Certainly, my dear. But, Honora, what do you want?"

"My maid to assist me in dressing, and my man servant to put the horses to the carriage immediately."

"Why, Honora, my dear girl, what do you want with the carriage this time of night?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"To follow my husband; for 'whithersoever he goes, there will I go,'" answered the bride, calmly.

"But, my dear girl, he has gone to the county prison at W——."

"Then to the county prison at W—— I go."

"But, my dear, W—— is ten miles off."

"And if it were ten thousand I should set forth."

"Good gracious, Honora! it is but three o'clock, with two hours of deep darkness before the dawn."

"And if it were midnight, with six hours before day, I should set forth without a moment's hesitation. Ruby," she said to the woman who answered the bell, "go and order Zerubbabel to put the chestnut pair to my close carriage. If he has laid down, rouse him up; and then return here to help me on with my traveling dress."

"Yes, madam," answered the woman, wondering at this unseasonable order, as she had wondered at other events that had taken place that evening, without daring to make a comment.

"My dear, you will not think of setting out on such an improper expedition at such an unseasonable hour?" said Mrs. Willoughby, as soon as the door had closed behind Ruby.

"No, madam, I shall not think of doing so, because the matter, being already quite settled in my mind, does not require one moment's thought. I shall be with Mr. Dulanie by sunrise, if the prison doors will open to admit an applicant at that hour," answered the bride, firmly.

"Then, Honora, since you are so resolved, there is another thing that I must inform you of. Your grandmother is very ill."

"My grandmother ill!" responded Honora, in the tone of one who, having received the heaviest blow that could possibly fall upon her, was rendered comparatively insensible to all others.

"Yes, my dear, she swooned away upon hearing of Mr. Dulanie's arrest, and was taken immediately to bed."

"Let me go and see her," said the bride, throwing a white cashmere shawl around her shoulders, and leaving the room.

Mrs. Willoughby, hoping that the state in which she should find the old lady would be an inducement sufficient to detain her at home, followed her across the hall into the chamber of Madam Auderly.

They found the room darkened, and the patient sleeping quietly upon her bed, with Dr. Henry watching on one side, and the three girls—their festive garments changed for plain wrappers—sitting on the other.

To Honora's eager inquiries, Dr. Henry answered that the patient was out of immediate danger, and would doubtless so improve during her quiet sleep as to be much better on awakening.

Having satisfied herself in these respects, Honora withdrew from the room.

Mrs. Willoughby followed her back to her own chamber, asking anxiously:

"You will not go *now*, Honora!"

"Not *now*, but in five minutes hence, dear madam."

"What! and leave your grandmother so ill?"

"My grandmother is better; she is sleeping quietly, and is likely to recover. She has yourself, Dr. Henry, and the three girls with her. Mr. Dulanie is alone in his trouble, and my place is by my husband's side," replied Honora, decisively.

And just then Ruby appeared to tell her that the carriage was waiting.

Honora, with the help of her waiting-woman, hastily donned her carriage habit, and prepared to depart.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Willoughby. I leave you to explain my absence to any inquirers."

"When will you be back, Honora?"

"I know not. When God wills."

"Oh, that Colonel Shannon were here!" said the minister's wife to herself, as she saw Honora enter her carriage and drive off.

But Colonel Shannon, who was doubtless in the house or about the premises, could not, just at that juncture, be found.

And so, unmolested, Honora Dulanie pursued her journey to the village of W——.

It was during this solitary night ride through the thick forest and the dismal mountain gorges, that the astrologer's fell prediction now, in part, so strangely fulfilled, first recurred to her mind, adding its own superstitious gloom and terror to her real sorrows. But blaming herself for this credulity and summoning her christian faith, she mentally exclaimed—"God reigns, and I appeal from the Egyptian's fatal prophecy to His omnipotent love and wisdom."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRIDEGROOM IN HIS CELL.

And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whose fate with hers for life was joined?
How beats his heart once honor's throne,
How high has soared his daring mind?
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

We must glance back for a moment to Godfrey Dulanie. Upon entering the close carriage provided to convey him to the county prison, at the recommendation of the sheriff, he seated himself upon the right hand back cushion; Mr. Harrison took the place beside him; facing them on the front seat sat the two bailiffs. The doors were fastened, the word given, and the carriage drove on.

The sheriff would have entered into some consoling conversation with the prisoner, but that gentleman declined the discussion of his own affairs, and they relapsed into taciturnity. Respect for Mr. Dulanie restrained the officers from conversing upon irrelevant subjects, and the consequence was, that for hours the drive proceeded in perfect silence.

The thoughts of Godfrey were meanwhile occupied with the incomprehensible strangeness of his present position. But an hour ago, honored as a Christian gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and a distinguished statesman; and blessed as the happy bridegroom of the loveliest lady in the land; and now—a guarded prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, upon the confounding charge of murder! It was inconceivable! In all the fabled vicissitudes of human life he had heard of nothing like this. He felt as one under the influence of fever, from which he vainly endeavored to clear his brain; or of mania from which he struggled to escape; or nightmare from which he strove to awake. It actually required a strong effort of the will to gather the scattered faculties of his astonished mind, and concentrate them upon this amazing event. Upon what possible pretext could he have been charged with this most unnatural crime? He reviewed all the circumstances of his relations with his deceased grandfather, and of his last visit to Hawe's Hole, without finding anything to explain, or give a clue to, or throw the least light upon, the subject of his accusation! The sheriff, as it had been seen, could tell him nothing. It remained then to wait patiently for the preliminary examination before the magistrate, which was to take place at ten o'clock the coming day.

But the bitterest part of the reflections that ensued, was the conjecture as to what would be the effect of the news of his arrest upon Honora, his adored bride, who had so fondly and so fully loved and trusted him; and upon his thousands of friends who had so esteemed and honored him! Would *they* still give him their confidence and respect? Would *she* still yield him her love and faith?

In the midst of all this the astrologer's prediction recurred to his memory; but its partial fulfilment was regarded as a mere co-incidence, and this part of the subject was dismissed by his practical good sense.

While these thoughts revolved in his mind, the carriage entered the village of W. and stopped before the prison.

The bailiffs alighted. The sheriff followed, and invited his prisoner to come out. Mr. Dulanie aroused from his reverie, descended and stood upon the flag stones.

It was still quite dark.

They were in the midst of a quiet, silent, murky village street. No creature, except themselves, was stirring. No light except their own carriage lamps gleamed in the whole town.

Before them stood the prison—a moderate sized square stone building, enclosed by a stone wall in a circumscribed yard, in which was also the small two-storied brick house occupied by the warden. Here, also, all was dark and silent. The sheriff's officer rapped long and loudly at the gate before he succeeded in rousing up the jailer, who at last put his head out of an upper window, and asked—

"What the deuse is the matter? What do you want?"

"It is the sheriff with a prisoner," answered the bailiff.

"Oh! ay! I'll be down in a minute"—and the head—or rather the voice, for the head could not be seen in the darkness—disappeared from the window.

And in a few minutes the warden, attended by a turnkey, came out to the gate, unfastened the strong locks, took down the heavy bars, and admitted the party. Then, after the sheriff had spoken apart to the warden, explaining to him the name and standing of the accused, together with the crime with which he stood charged, and demanding in his behalf a considerate and respectful treatment, he took that official up to his charge and introduced him—

"Mr. Wardour, the warden of the prison, Mr. Dulanie."

"Can't say 'I am glad to see you, sir,' nor do I suppose you are 'very happy to make my acquaintance'—few people are; hows'ever, as the quality say to their visitors, 'we'll do all that we can to make your stay with us as agreeable as possible,'" said the jailor, very gravely, even sympathetically, and without the least pretension to a jest.

Mr. Dulanie bowed without replying.

"Go ahead, Turner," said the warden to the turnkey, who, with a lantern, preceded the party to the main entrance of the prison proper.

When the heavy, iron-bound door was unlocked and thrown open, they entered a long and gloomy corridor, opened the first side door on the right, and went into the warden's office, where a little preliminary business was transacted, after which the sheriff took leave of his charge, and with the bailiffs left the jail.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the warden, politely, rising, "I will show you to your room."

Mr. Dulanie, with a grave inclination of the head, arose and followed him. And attended by the turnkey, with a lantern and a bunch of great keys, they passed up a flight of stone steps and reached an upper passage corresponding exactly to the one below, and flanked like that each side with rows of narrow cells. Turning on his course, the warden led his charge up the passage until they reached the farthest door on the right hand side front. Turning a key, he admitted him into a small apartment, six feet by nine, having a single grated window in front, a small cot bedstead, a chair, and a stove.

"I put you in this room because it is one of the pleasantest in the establishment—that is, if any of them are pleasant, which I suppose the lodgers seldom think they are, sir," said the warden, offering the single chair to his prisoner, and conducting himself quite with the air of a landlord receiving a guest.

"Anyways," he continued, "this room is clean and dry; and is in front of the building, with a southern aspect, where the sun looks in all day long, and the window looks out upon the village street."

"I thank you," said Mr. Dulanie.

"Would you like a fire, sir, or perhaps you would rather lie down?" inquired the warden, with the same landlord-like empressement.

"I shall be obliged to you for a fire, lights, writing materials, and also a small stand. I shall not lie down."

"Certainly, sir, they shall be brought immediately. Turner—do you see to the fire and I'll attend to the other things."

The fire was soon kindled, and a little stand was brought in, upon which was placed a lighted lamp, pens, ink and paper.

"Now, then, sir, is there anything else we can do for you?" asked the warden, politely.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Wardour."

"Ahem! Sir!"

Mr. Dulanie looked up.

"I can feel for a gentleman in your circumstances. But, sir, if you would jest consider yourself in a tavern like, and call me 'landlord' and Tom Turner here 'waiter,' it might seem to go better like—to a gentleman of your fine feelings."

Mr. Dulanie stared in surprise. Up to this time he had been too deeply absorbed in his private thoughts to notice the personal appearance of the oddity who had him in custody; but now he gazed with curiosity upon a little, short, fat man of about fifty years of age, with a round, rosy, good-natured face, kind blue eyes, and scanty light hair, curling around an open forehead—a man who, had he been really a landlord, would have been full of lively good-fellowship; but whose position as warden of the jail, and whose sympathy with the unhappy prisoners, had quite sobered down to habitual gravity. He wore a suit of brown clothes of a Quakerish simplicity. Seeing that Godfrey looked at him without replying, he resumed—

"Now do, sir; for if you only would, you have no idea how much cheerfuller it would seem to be. Turner, too, would a great deal rather be called waiter—wouldn't you now, Turner?" he continued, appealing to the turnkey.

"In course, sir," answered that functionary.

Godfrey now glanced at the last speaker.

Turner was a complete contrast to his master,—being a young man, with a tall, spare and slightly stooping figure, a protruding head, a thin face, shaded with a quantity of lank red hair, and an expression of countenance at once keen, grave, and compassionate—a look that he had contracted by continually pitying the prisoners, and prying into their affairs.

While answering his master, he bowed with intense respect to Mr. Dulanie.

"There now, you see! Turner would like it better, too, sir," exclaimed the warden, triumphantly.

At any other time Mr. Dulanie must have smiled at the quaintness of the idea presented to him; but now his heart was too heavily oppressed, and he answered, sorrowfully—

"I really thank you; but I would rather call persons and things by their proper names."

"And I think, too, sir," put in Turner, who had been bending one of his keenest regards upon the prisoner, "that the gentleman would rayther be left to himself."

"Aye! the boy is more thoughtful than I am—always is! Well, well! have your own way, Mr. Dulanie! We are at your orders—Tom Turner and me. Don't mind my just turning the key of your door,—its 'the rules of the house,' you know. You find the rules pasted up in every tavern." And so saying the warden bowed himself out; then in an instant he bowed himself in again, saying—

"Excuse me, sir; but what would you like for breakfast?"

"Anything—anything, my good friend; it really does not matter."

"But if you would be good enough just to express a preference, sir—"

"Well, well, a cup of coffee—"

"And anything else nice that the mistress can prepare—" suggested Tom Turner, in a low tone, nudging the elbow of his chief.

"Always thoughtful—always thoughtful, Turner—"

"Well, sir, we will do all we possibly can for your comfort." And with a very deferential bow, the jailer retired, softly closed the door, and stealthily turned the key, lest the sound should grate upon the feelings of the prisoner.

When left alone Godfrey Dulanie sat musing for a few moments; then he drew the little stand with the lamp and the writing materials before him, and commenced a letter to his newly-made and newly-bereaved wife. He wrote on for some time, filling page after page with the outpourings of his spirit, until warned by the dim red burning of his lamp he looked up and saw that day had dawned.

Christmas-day; but what a Christmay-day for him!

He arose, extinguished the light and opened the little window to admit the fresh morning air.

Through the grating he looked out across the country to the distant hills whose summits were white with snow, and flushed with salmon color on the eastern sides from the coming sun.

Then his eyes sunk down upon the village street beneath his window, which was beginning to be astir with early pedestrians and country wagons.

Just across from the prison was the village hotel, whose upper rooms were on a level with his cell. On the right of the hotel was the village post office and on the left a physician's office, bearing the sign, Dr. Heine.

Godfrey Dulanie gazed upon the scene, as seeing it not. His thoughts were far away.

"Honora! Honora! how breaks this day to her? How fares she now? Who will comfort her?" were the perpetually recurring questions of his mind.

While thus he sorrowfully gazed and mused, the sound of wheels arrested his attention—because they were not those of the heavy, springless, noisy wintry wagons that so often rattled and rebounded past, but of the smoothly revolving ones of the comfortable family coach; looking down he saw a close carriage of dark-green, drawn by a pair of fine, thorough-bred chestnut horses. Recognizing this equipage as belonging to Piedmont, and murmuring the name of "Colonel Shannon," he was about to retire from the window, when the carriage drew up at the gate, and before the coachman could leave his seat, the door flew open and Honora alighted. Though this was earlier than the hour for opening, she apparently found no difficulty in gaining admittance, for in a very few moments he heard steps approaching along the corridor, and in another instant his door was unlocked and Honora in his cell and in his arms!

Tom Turner, who let her in, had closed the door and retired.

For a few moments he held her clasped to his bosom in silence while she wept upon his shoulder; and then—

"Honora! my own, own Honora! how I thank you for this!" he said, straining her to his heart.

"Thank me? Oh, why? It was my blessed privilege to come to you," she exclaimed in a voice thrilling with emotion, as she lifted her head from his shoulder and met his look of passionate love.

"But, dear wife! sweet wife!" he murmured, softly smoothing back the dark, waving tresses from her white brow, "how pale you are! You cannot have slept at all!"

"Oh! did you think I could and you—*here?*"

"And to come to me so early this morning, you must have traveled through the darkest hours of the night!"

"I did! I did! Ah! did you think I could do *otherwise?*—But that was nothing—nothing! Now I am with you, thank God!" she said, fervently, taking her handkerchief from her pocket and wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I wish I had not wept"—she continued—"I intended to be calm; for, after all, dear Godfrey, though this affair is very trying to us, yet it must be over in a few hours. The examination before the magistrate takes place, I am told, at ten o'clock this morning. And this charge against *you* is so very unreasonable, so exceedingly preposterous—nay, indeed, if it were not for the awful nature of the crime—I should say so supremely ridiculous—that it will not bear a moment's calm investigation."

Godfrey might have told her that, irrational as the accusation really was, unsupported as it might prove, and speedily discharged as probably he should be—yet, the stigma of the charge must rest upon him forever, or until the real criminal should be discovered.

Hearing footsteps approaching, he strained her once more to his bosom, pressed an impassioned kiss upon her lips, and released her from his close embrace.

Then placing her in the only chair, he stood beside her with his hand resting upon the little stand and waiting for the new-comer.

It was Tom Turner again who discreetly rapped, and, being bidden to come in, stealthily turned the key and deferentially entered.

He came to bring hot and cold water and clean towels, and to announce that Mr. Dulanie's breakfast was ready.

Then he quickly disappeared again. But by the time Mr. Dulanie had refreshed his face and head, he returned, bearing a delicate breakfast for *two.* He sat it upon the little stand, darted out of the cell and brought a second chair. Then begging Mr. Dulanie to rap on the table if he should need anything, the good creature withdrew and remained outside the door.

The newly-married pair drew up to the stand and simultaneously raised their eyes to each other's face; the same thought was in the minds of both—

"How little did we think our bridal breakfast would be served in the cell of the county prison." But as they gazed upon each other their eyes softened and glowed with the mutual thought—

"But we sit down to partake of it *together!*"

In truth, there was but little appetite between them; yet each drank a little coffee and ate a morsel of bread; and then Mr. Dulanie summoned Tom Turner to take away the service. That honest officer entered, replenished the fire, cleared the stand and retired, leaving the pair together in the cell, where they remained conversing until ten o'clock, when the warden entered to inform the prisoner that the sheriff had arrived to attend him to the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER XVI.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

> Come, rouse thee, now! I know thy mind,
> And would its strength awaken;
> Proud, gifted, earnest, ardent, kind,
> Strange thou shouldst be so shaken!
>
> Mrs. Dennies.

"My dearest love, where shall I dispose you?" inquired Mr. Dulanie, as he arose and awaited the entrance of the sheriff.

"Dispose me? On your arm; by your side; I cannot leave you, Godfrey," replied Honora, rising, and putting her hand in his.

"My own dearest Honora, how I thank you; but this must not be, love! A magistrate's office is no place for a delicate woman."

"And this is no time, God knoweth, for fantastic delicacy!" exclaimed Honora, hurriedly; then, in a slower tone and with deeper feeling, she added—"A wife's place is beside her husband in his trouble, wherever he may be! I would remain with you through all, until you are well over this trial;—dearest Godfrey, do not send me from you!"

"But, sweet wife, you really must not accompany me to such a place."

She opened her lips to speak again, and then paused, and looked silently and tenderly in his face a moment, before saying—

"Ah, do not tell me so! Remember, I am bound to obey you now—a sweet, sweet bondage that I love to feel, to which I delight to yield; only do not command me, now, away from your side, for if you do I shall be obliged to go, and that would deeply, deeply pain my heart!"

"It is for your own sake, dearest Honora, that I would have you leave me now!"

"Then, for my own sake, let me go with you!" pleaded Honora.

"But, dear love, you do not know what you ask! The vulgar crowd that gathers around such a place, on such an occasion, would stare you out of countenance."

"I will lower my vail! They shall not see your wife's face—Godfrey, you will let me go?" she prayed, leaning on his arm, looking up into his face—"dear husband, it is the first favor I have asked of you since our marriage. You cannot refuse it!"

No, he could not; her soft, appealing gaze, her pleading tones, her argument was irresistible.

"Be it so, my generous love—be it so!" he said, drawing her to his bosom in an earnest embrace.

Two minutes afterwards the sheriff appeared. He bowed politely to Mr. Dulanie and his wife, and inquired if the former was ready.

Being answered in the affirmative, he led the way from the cell, down the long corridor, and the stone stairs through the lower hall, and so out of the prison and the front yard into the street, that they crossed to get into the magistrate's office, which occupied one of the lower rooms in the hotel opposite, and before which a large crowd was collected.

They made their way more easily than might have been expected through this mass, that separated, leaving a path, that they might have a better view of the accused, and of the lady that hung upon his arm.

Was she, too, implicated? they asked of each other.

Mr. Dulanie's eyes roved calmly over the crowd on either side, and many were the impudent glances that fell beneath his clear gaze. Honora gathered her vail closely over her face.

And so the party entered the magistrate's office. The constables stationed near the door had cleared the room of all except those persons in some manner connected with the business before the justice.

Among the persons present were the witnesses who had been examined at the coroner's inquest. Besides these were Mr. Willoughby and Colonel Shannon, who met and shook hands with the accused, and who also looked very much surprised on beholding his bride by his side.

"I trust that this *mistake* of your arrest will be soon rectified, sir," said the colonel to Mr. Dulanie.

"I trust so, sir. And I must thank you for your presence here upon this occasion," replied Godfrey.

"Sir, I shall stand by a gentleman who has so recently become connected with our family, until I see better cause than now appears for abandoning him," replied the colonel, with grave dignity.

Mr. Dulanie bowed with stately courtesy.

"But, sir," continued the colonel, "I confess I am a little surprised and pained at seeing my niece here. This is certainly no place for a lady. Permit me to advise that she may retire. I can attend her from this to a private parlor in the hotel."

"Mrs. Dulanie, sir, will do her own pleasure in the matter," replied Godfrey.

"Honora, my dear, take my arm; let me lead you from this," said Colonel Shannon, going to the side of his niece.

"Uncle, I am here by my own will, and with my husband's consent. I thank you for your kind offer, but I prefer to remain," replied the lady, gently but firmly.

"Headstrong woman!" ejaculated the colonel, under his breath. And before another word could be said, the justice, who had all this time been busily writing, laid aside his pen, raised his eyes, and signified his intention to open the examination.

A seat was given the accused immediately in front of the magistrate's table.

And amid a profound and almost breathless attention, the investigation commenced.

First the witnesses who had given testimony before the coroner's inquest were examined. Their evidence on the former occasion being already known to the reader, need not be repeated here in detail.

It amounted to nearly this: that the old man had given a Christmas dinner and supper; that he had retired to bed, at nine o'clock, in his usual precarious state of health; that the last persons who saw him living were Godfrey Dulanie, who left his bedside and the house at ten o'clock, and Agnes Darke, who, a few moments later, visited his chamber, sung him to sleep, and left him in deep repose; that about two hours after midnight, the overseer and the farm servants were aroused from their sleep by the shrieks of Agnes Darke, from whose frantic exclamations rather than from any connected account, they learned that something horrible had occurred at the house, which, when they reached, they found to be the assassination of their master; that in the confusion Agnes Darke disappeared, nor could be found to give testimony; that, when at last discovered, she was in a state of high fever, rapidly progressing to delirium, which held her life and reason in abeyance for many weeks; but that, in the opinion of these witnesses, Agnes Darke, if summoned, could make some startling disclosures.

Here the magistrate directed his clerk to fill out a subpœna, and place it in the hands of an officer, to be served upon Agnes Darke.

And a question immediately arose as to where that young person could be found.

A voice answered that she was an inmate of the family of Dr. Henry.

Then Dr. Henry arose, and said that the young lady had left his house the preceding day in a very mysterious manner, and had not since been heard from.

The magistrate, upon hearing this, directed the officer to take the subpœna and institute a search, deciding, in the meantime, that the examination should proceed. Up to this moment, no testimony in the slightest degree reflecting upon the prisoner, or justifying his arrest, had been elicited. And people had begun to shrug their shoulders, when—

"Let John Hounsloe take the stand," said the clerk.

In answer to this summons, a little, wiry, dark-skinned man, clad in a shooting jacket, and known throughout the country for a keen sportsman, came forward.

Every one crowded a little nearer to hear what this new witness, who had not appeared at the coroner's inquest, and who seemed, to all intents and purposes, entirely disconnected with the circumstances of the murder, could possibly have to say about it.

The oath having been administered in the usual form, the clerk said—

"Be so good, Mr. Hounsloe, as to state to the justice all that you know in regard to the case in hand."

The witness scratched his ear, looked disturbed, and seemed very unwilling to give evidence.

But having been again requested to proceed, he said—

"I don't know nothing whatsomedever about it, more'n what I told his worship when I fotched in the clothes."

"Very well, state that."

Godfrey Dulanie fixed his eyes upon the witness in surprise, curiosity, and vague expectation. Every one else pressed closer, and listened eagerly to hear more.

The witness looked around upon the group crowding behind him, cleared his throat, fixed his eyes upon the magistrate, and commenced.

"You see, yer worship, I wer out yesterday 'long o' my dogs, a-shooting in the piece o' woods in Haw' Hole, just atween the point where the two mount'ins join. I'd been out 'most all the best part o' the day, and got perty well lo'den down with game, so, as it got towards the arternoon, I began to think 'bout home, which lay on the tother side o' the mount'in, and *it* to cross. So I was jest a gwine to whistle the dogs to heel, when I saw 'em jest 'bout a couple o' hundred yards afore me, right at the foot o' the ridge, p'inting something as was in a crevice o' the rocks, or the side o' the ridge, I couldn't tell which. But thinking as it was a varmint o' some sort, I jest cocked my gun, and creeped along till I got near enough, when I sez—

"'What's it, dogs—good dogs?' sez I.

"But they only whined, and guv out sharp, suddint barks, and pawed away like mad among the dried furze and cedar bushes and broken rocks that crowded all the foot of the range, and choked up the hole where they had p'inted.

"Thinks I, it's a wild cat. So I drew the charge out'n my gun, and put in a heavier load, and watched and waited, keeping my eyes fixed upon the hole, and my gun and my ears both cocked. But I couldn't hear *nor* see no livin' creature 'cept 'twas the dogs, as still continered to bark and scrape away like all thunder. And presently down come a piece o' broken rock, and then another. Then the foremost dog—the setter as I bought from Dr. Henry—pushed himself about half way in the hole, and began to drag at something from within.

"'It's no wild cat, nor nothing else alive,' sez I, and I creeped nigh, when the dog, with a great shake of his head and a strong pull, dragged out a stout bundle, half undid in pulling it through. So I took the thing from the dog and unrolled it, and seen how it was a good suit o' cloth clothes, jest as dry and nice as if it wer jest put away there. Well, I was jest debatin' in my mind whether I should take it home, or whether I hadn't better put it back, in case the real owner had put it there for safe keeping, when I noticed the velvet cuff of the right sleeve all splotched with thick, gummy stains, like dark red wax. The right breast o' the coat, and the right leg o' the pants, jest above the knee, was splotched with the same stuff, jest as if it had been spurted on 'em. It kinder made my heart stand still, though I wa'n't quite sure what it was.

"In a sorter awe, I begun to s'arch the pockets, and out'n the inside breast pocket I drawed a packet, as when I unrolled, it didn't take any better scholar nor myself to see, was old dockerments o' some sort, which, not being college bred, I couldn't make head nor tale on. S'arching the other pockets, I found a razor, rusted and stuck together, and a white pocket handkercher, gummed together with the same dark stuff, and havin' of a name on it as I couldn't make out, and last of all, a little book with ivory leaves and tortoise-shell covers, writ all over with so'thing as much Greek and Latin to *me* as the pocket han'kercher and the dockerment was.

"Then all of a suddint, while lookin' at the things—'specially at the stained clothes, the razor and the dockerment—I memorized the murder o' Mr. Hugh Hawe, and the talk o' the missing will, and thinking this had something to do with that, I rolled up the things together ag'in and called the dogs, and sot off hard as I could go through the woods and 'cross the country to this place, where I tuk the things right up to constable McNab, who examined them, and—constable McNab will tell you the rest," concluded the witness.

Nothing could exceed the keenness of the interest with which this testimony was received.

Godfrey Dulanie listened with the closest attention, and when the discovery of the clothing was described, an acute observer might have detected in his firmly set face a slight change of color.

Honora, who had been accommodated with a seat to the left of, and a little behind her husband, listened with her face pale with anxiety, and her lips compressed with resolution.

Colonel Shannon, who stood on the left of his niece, with folded arms and frowning brow, heard without a comment.

But Mr. Willoughby, who stood on the right of Honora, and immediately behind the accused, stooped and whispered—

"That is all very interesting and important, doubtless. But for all it has to do with the guilt or innocence of our friend here, it might as well be an investigation into the origin of the Chinese religion."

Before any one could answer the magistrate spoke, addressing the witness.

"You may sit down, Mr. Hounsloe, unless the accused wishes to cross-examine you," he added, turning towards Mr. Dulanie, who was his own counsel.

That gentleman bowed with grave courtesy, saying—

"For the present, no, sir."

"He is right," whispered Mr. Willoughby to the Colonel. "'Masterly inactivity' is a mighty power in some cases. This may be a conspiracy, in which he is wise to give them (so to speak) rope enough to hang themselves."

"Or *himself,*" muttered the Colonel, between his teeth.

"Let Alexander McNab take the stand," said the clerk.

In response to the summons a tall, raw-boned, red-headed man, of Caledonian origin, advanced. Being duly sworn, he said—

"Your worship, at seven o'clock last evening the last witness came to my house, bringing the bundle of clothes which he has just described, and of the finding of which he gave the same account to me that he did to your worship. We then examined the clothes and the articles found in the pockets. The clothes we were unable to identify, but the name on the handkerchief, gentlemen, was that of 'G. F. Dulanie.'"

"My God!" cried Honora, in a deep, low voice, clasping her hands, and growing deadly pale.

The accused heard this startling evidence with calmness. Indeed, only once had he betrayed any emotion, and that was, as I said, on hearing of the discovery of the clothing.

The frown darkened upon the countenance of Colonel Shannon.

But Mr. Willoughby stooped and whispered him—

"Tut! *that* proves nothing; the handkerchief was most likely picked up by the real murderer, and thrust into his pocket."

The witness proceeded.

"We next examined the razor, on the handle of which was engraved the single name, 'Dulanie.' Then we looked at the tablets, on the cover of which was a small silver shield, adorned with a wreath of laurel, encircling the inscription—'Honora to Godfrey.' Lastly, we unfolded the document, which proved to be the will of Mr. Hawe, executed in favor of his nephew, Dr. Henry, to whom he bequeathed his whole estate. Rolling the packet up, we took it to your worship, who thereupon issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Godfrey Dulanie. That is all I have to state, except that the articles are here, subject to the order of your worship."

Godfrey Dulanie heard these dreadful disclosures with an unmoved countenance. And Honora, noble Honora, after the first exclamation of anguish had escaped her lips, placed her hand within her husband's, and sat calm, still, and firm, though pale as parian marble.

But it is impossible to describe the consternation with which this terrible testimony was heard by the majority of persons present. They stared in each other's faces in blank dismay, or astonished inquiry, as who should say—"Are we awake? Do we dream? Is this real?"

The countenance of Colonel Shannon grew dark as doom. He bit his nether lip until the blood started.

Only Mr. Willoughby stooped and said—

"Circumstantial evidence! The merest circumstantial evidence! I am no lawyer, but it is easy for me to see through this! Of course, the murderer was also a robber, and purloined those effects of Mr. Dulanie, found in the pocket of the hidden clothing."

At this suggestion the darkened countenance of Colonel Shannon slightly cleared. But the examination was proceeding, and their attention was immediately given to that.

"Let the articles in question be produced," said the magistrate.

The constable retired a few steps, took a bundle from a bailiff at hand, and laid it upon the table, where, unrolling it, he displayed the blood-stained clothing, and the other items described by the two preceding witnesses, who, being re-called, identified them.

"Let Dr. Henry take the stand," said the magistrate.

Dr. Henry came forward, pale, trembling, tottering, and altogether more agitated than any other person present had yet appeared.

"Dr. Henry, have you ever seen this suit of clothing before?"

"Yes, your worship," replied the witness, in faltering tones.

"Tell us, if you please, in whose possession, and upon what occasion you have seen it."

"I have seen that suit, sir, but once—it was then worn by Mr. Godfrey Dulanie at the Christmas dinner given by Mr. Hugh Hawe upon the day of his death."

Awful was the effect of these words upon all present. The panic deepened. Colonel Shannon turned away. Even Mr. Willoughby made no comment. Only Mr. Dulanie remained composed, and Honora, dear Honora! pressed his hand.

"You are sure—remembering that you are upon oath—that this is the identical suit of clothing worn by Mr. Dulanie upon the occasion you have stated?"

"I am sure of it, sir."

"I would ask the witness one question," said Mr. Dulanie, now for the first time rising.

"Proceed, sir," said the magistrate.

Godfrey Dulanie turned towards the witness, and, endeavoring to catch his eye, inquired—

"Dr. Henry, will you state whether that occasion to which you referred was the *last* upon which you saw this suit of clothes?"

"Yes," replied the witness, in a voice that grew steadier from effort, "that was the first, the last, and the only occasion upon which I ever saw these garments until I beheld them unrolled upon this table."

"Is there any other question you would ask the witness?" enquired the magistrate.

"No, sir. I have done with him for the present."

"Then you may retire, Dr. Henry."

The witness retreated.

There was a pause of a few minutes, at the end of which, the justice, turning towards the prisoner, said—

"Mr. Dulanie, you have heard the testimony against you; what have you to say in defence?"

"Godfrey Dulanie stooped and whispered to his wife—

"Courage, dear love."

Then pressing her hand, which had all this while remained in his own, he relinquished it, and rising, in a self-collected manner addressed the magistrate:

"May it please your worship, my arrest last evening upon the charge of the crime with which I stand accused, filled my mind with the most unqualified astonishment. The whole course of my past life would seem to be a sufficient refutation of such a charge, were not the accusation supported by some strangely pertinent testimony—testimony which I shall proceed to rebut by offering a few facts which may serve to throw some light upon the circumstantial evidence; and from which also I shall draw, and submit to your worship, some strong inferences."

Here the prisoner paused for a moment, to arrange his thoughts, while the crowd pressed closely around, gazing upon his face, hanging upon his words. Colonel Shannon walked back to his post near his niece; Mr. Willoughby aroused himself from his depression, and both looked and listened with the deepest interest.

"To do this," continued Mr. Dulanie, "I shall be forced to give you, sir, a succinct account of the manner in which my time was passed from the moment I bade adieu to my relative, Mr. Hawe, to that when I received the intelligence of his death. Upon the night in question, at ten o'clock, I took leave of Mr. Hawe, and went into an adjoining chamber, which had been appropriated to my use, and *where I changed my dress suit for a traveling habit.* In my haste, for it was late, I transferred nothing except my purse and penknife from the pockets of the former to those of the latter. Having promised to return to Hawe's Hole in a very few days, and not wishing to burthen myself with a heavy portmanto, *I hung the dress, in the pockets of which I had inadvertently left a set of tablets, a handkerchief,* and perhaps some other trifles,—*in the chamber, where I left it for my use, upon the occasion of my next visit.* Then throwing an ample traveling cloak around me, and taking my hat and gloves, I passed through the parlor, where I took leave of Miss Agnes Darke, and departing from the house, mounted the horse that awaited me, and rode rapidly, as the mountain path would permit, on towards Altamont."

Here, for the second time, the accused paused; an earnest thoughtfulness shadowed his brow, as his eyes lowered for a moment upon the form of the noble girl beside him; and then, lifting his head, he continued—

"I confess that, during my ride, as well as during the whole afternoon and evening preceding it, my mind had been much pre-occupied. Hence it followed that when I had ridden about three hours, I discovered to my dismay that I had left a very important document behind lying upon the mantel-shelf of my chamber. As its recovery was absolutely necessary, I turned my horse's head, and was riding back when met by the messenger with the intelligence of the murder of Mr. Hawe. It may be easily imagined that the sudden news of this awful event shocked all other ideas from my mind. Putting spurs to my horse, regardless of the dangers of the descent, I dashed down the declivity, and soon reached Hawe's Hole, where the bloody corpse of the murdered man met my horror-stricken sight, and confirmed the messenger's story; and where the Coroner's Inquest soon afterwards met."

Here, for the third time, the prisoner paused for a moment, during which exclamations of—"An ingenious explanation," "Not a satisfactory refutation," "A likely story, indeed," "Wants proof," etc., etc., etc., were passed *sotto voce* among the crowd.

"Among the exciting scenes that followed," continued Mr. Dulanie, "it will be readily believed that I had no time for thoughts of other matters. It was late in the afternoon before I remembered the important document in search of which I had turned back, and which I found just where I had left it. It was days afterwards that I discovered the loss of the dress-suit which I had left in my chamber, and for which, indeed, having put on mourning, I had no use. When I missed this suit, I naturally supposed that it had been mislaid; but seeing that it could not be found, I came to the conclusion that it had been purloined by one of the negroes, or perhaps by some one among the miscellaneous crowd that had filled the house at the time of the coroner's inquest, and afterwards during the funeral. And so, being deeply occupied with more important affairs, I dismissed that matter from my mind. Now, however, recently-discovered circumstances constrain me to draw another deduction from the theft of the clothing, and to conclude that that suit was stolen and put on by the murderer, both for the sake of concealing his own identity, and for the purpose of fixing the crime upon another. As for the presence of the missing will in the pocket of the coat, I cannot in any manner account for that circumstance, except upon the hypothesis that that also was purloined by the murderer. Your worship, I have said all that, at present, I have to say upon this subject," concluded the prisoner, as, with a bow, he resumed his seat.

There was a pause, a hesitation, a reluctance, evident on the part of the magistrate, who, at length, said—

"Mr. Dulanie, your defense is very plausible; but your explanation wants proof, in lack of which it becomes my painful duty to commit you for trial before the Criminal Court, now in session at this place."

Then turning to his clerk, the magistrate gave some directions in a low voice to that functionary, who took up his pen and began filling out a blank form.

"Fear nothing, dear one, fear nothing; for God is with the guiltless," whispered Godfrey Dulanie, pressing the hand of his bride, who, pale as monumental marble, had heard this judgment pronounced.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, after talking apart for a few minutes, went up to the magistrate and offered to enter into a recognizance to any amount that should be required for the appearance of the prisoner at court. But the justice reminded those gentlemen that a prisoner accused of a capital crime, the charge supported by strong evidence, was not bailable.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, after a little fruitless controversy upon the subject, bowed and fell back a few paces.

The clerk laid the committal before the magistrate, who signed and placed it in the hands of the officer, saying—

"Remove the prisoner."

Then the sitting was adjourned, and the justice arose.

The crowd began to disperse.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, though, as a matter of form, or perhaps from a sense of propriety, they had offered bail for the prisoner, now, that it was refused, seemed indisposed to approach, or in any manner notice, Godfrey Dulanie, to whom no one in that crowd, except Honora, spoke one word of sympathy, comfort, or encouragement.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WIFE'S FIDELITY.

It cannot bow thy noble soul,
Tho' friends and foes depart;
The car of fate may o'er thee roll,
Nor crush thy Roman heart.

MRS. CHILD.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the sheriff, in a cold voice, addressing his prisoner, and preparing to leave the magistrate's office.

Mr. Dulanie pressed the hand of his wife, and, still retaining it in his own, arose and looked around for some proper friend to whose care he might confide her. He naturally first thought of Colonel Shannon; but that gentleman, with a gloomy and abstracted air, was talking to the magistrate. He next looked towards Mr. Willoughby; but the minister, with a moody and repellant brow, turned away. Dr. Heine was cold and distant in manner. Dr. Henry freezing in his looks.

There was not a man in that assembly who did not believe the prisoner guilty.

Godfrey Dulanie, with a keen pang, saw this, and turned his glance down upon the noble girl beside him, whom he had so unconsciously involved in his own misfortunes. She divined his thoughts and feelings, and although so deadly pale, she arose and passed her arm within his, and, with a steady voice, said:

"Permit me to go with you, dearest Godfrey, and to remain as long as the authorities will allow."

But before Mr. Dulanie could reply, Colonel Shannon left the side of the magistrate, hastened forward, and seized the hand of Honora, saying:

"My dear niece, you must come with me at once. I wish to have some conversation with you."

"With Mr. Dulanie's consent, if you please, uncle," said the lady, withdrawing her hand, and lifting to her husband's face a glance full of devotion, which, perhaps, under happier circumstances, she might not have thought it necessary to display.

"Be it so, then," replied the colonel, ironically. "Mr. Dulanie, with your permission, I would have a few moments' private conversation with my niece."

"Certainly, sir," replied Godfrey, with dignity. Then, stooping to his wife, he said gently: "Honora, dear one, go with him. You will know where to find me an hour hence." And placing her hand in that of the colonel, Mr. Dulanie turned to follow the sheriff.

Colonel Shannon led Honora through the back door of the office (which, it will be remembered, was one of the first floor front rooms of the village hotel), and along a narrow passage, to a private parlor. Placing a chair for her accommodation, he seated himself, and looking her straight in the face, said.

"Honora Paule——"

"Honora Dulanie, if you please, uncle," amended the lady, with much dignity.

"Very well; we will not stop to dispute about trifles. Honora Dulanie, then, I am a straightforward man, of few words. As your uncle and guardian, it behooves me to inform you that you are a fool."

"I thank you, uncle, for the intelligence. Self-knowledge is the most desirable of all wisdom."

"You need not be sarcastic, Honora; I speak only for your good. Your present circumstances are certainly distressing, but not desperate, although you are disposed to make them so."

"What mean you, uncle?"

"Why this: your case lies in a nut-shell. A marriage ceremony was last night performed between yourself and a man totally unworthy of you——"

"UNCLE!" interrupted the lady.

"Nay, never think to transfix me with your flashing glance, Honora. I am your guardian: hear me out. Within a few hours after the ceremony this man was arrested upon the charge of murder, and, most providentially, *before he had crossed the threshold of your bridal chamber.*"

"And what would you seem to imply by that, sir?" inquired the resolute girl, in a firm voice, though she crimsoned to the edges of her hair.

"A most important fact, namely, that you are a bride, but certainly not a wife."

"In this case a distinction without a difference, sir. I hold myself as irrevocably his wife as if we had been married twenty years, instead of twenty hours. But let me hear your whole policy, sir, that I may understand what you would have me to do," said Honora, whose manner had grown colder and more freezing as she began to perceive the drift of her guardian's discourse.

"I will tell you then, Honora. Being the bride of an evening only, if you conduct yourself with delicacy, discretion and firmness, you may be easily released from your present distressing position."

"Speak plainly, sir. In short, what would you have me do?"

"I would have you put yourself under my protection; return home with me; renounce the name of Godfrey Dulanie; disclaim your union with him; resolutely refuse to see him, or to hold any sort of communication with him."

Honora suddenly raised her eyes to heaven, and lifting her hands, struck them together in a fervent clasp, and dropped them upon her lap.

What swelling passion provoked this gesture, her companion could not know, for instantly she recovered her composure, controlled herself, and inquired as coldly and calmly as before:

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"What *then?* Why, my dear, this community, who feel convinced of Dulanie's guilt, will honor you and applaud your course; your friends will give you their sympathy and respect; the legislature will, upon your application, annul your marriage ceremony; I myself will immediately make arrangements to take you to Europe, where we will travel together far from the possibility of hearing of the trial and the fate of this wretched man, and where we can remain, seeing all the wonders of the world for a year or so, until this affair is forgotten."

It would be impossible to give any idea of the expression of Honora's noble countenance while listening to this policy. The composure that she had enforced upon herself was overwhelmed by the rush of indignation, grief and devotion, that sent the blood to her cheeks and the fire to her eyes.

"Angels in Heaven!" she exclaimed, in a deep, impassioned voice—"do you hear this old man! this old man who would have me desert my husband in the hour of his utmost need!"

"Now then, what mean you by that, girl?" snapped the colonel, impatiently.

"Uncle!" she slowly replied, as her beautiful lip curled with the noble scorn, with which a lofty spirit looks upon any kind of meanness, "I am no more capable of the contemptible course to which you counsel me, than he was of committing the crime with which he stands accused!"

"In the demon's name, young woman, what is it that you say?" exclaimed the colonel, in rising anger.

"I say, in effect, sir, that I will stand by my husband as long as we both shall live!" answered the lady, with unflinching courage.

"You—you will? you will?" exclaimed the colonel, in a voice quivering with rage—"You will? Then let me tell you what will be the consequence: You will be hated, despised, and rejected by the world, that now shudders with horror at his unnatural crime; you will be abandoned by your friends; you will be disowned by your family; in short, you will have to share the misery, disgrace, and ruin of him whom you madly call your husband!"

"Even so much, if necessary, I promised at the sacred marriage altar! Oh, sir," said Honora, with a deep, earnest, fervent manner, to which a slight vein of sarcasm gave piercing point, "I have yet to be taught by you, that when you gave me to be the wife of Godfrey Dulanie, the vow that I made then was, 'to take him for my wedded husband, for better, but not for worse; for richer, not for poorer; in health, not in sickness; through good report, not through ill report—so long as it is convenient, and not so long as we both shall live!'"

"Girl, what the fiend do you mean by this?"

"Sir, I mean that when I stood beside Godfrey Dulanie, before the minister of God, with my heart overflowing with gratitude to Heaven and devotion to him, I pledged myself to my husband, not only for as long as he should continue wealthy and distinguished, prosperous and happy—ascending from eminence to eminence, the envy of many, the admiration of all—but for whatever of good or evil fortune should be before us; for joy or sorrow, affluence or penury, glory or shame, life or death, FOREVER AND FOREVER!" said Honora, in a deep, earnest, enthusiastic tone.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" grunted the old man, starting from his chair, and walking up and down the floor.

"And now, uncle," said Honora, rising, "if you have no more to say to me, I must bid you good morning, for my husband awaits me."

"Miss Honora Paule!" cried the Colonel, stopping abruptly in his trot——

"Pardon me for correcting you again, sir; but since you treat me with ceremony—Mrs. Godfrey Dulanie," said Honora, more jealous for her husband's name now that the cloud rested upon it, than she could have been under brighter auspices.

"Mrs. Godfrey Dulanie, then, as your guardian I command you to remain where you are."

"Pardon me once more, sir, for reminding you that Mrs. Godfrey Dulanie receives commands only from her *husband,*" said the lady, sweetly, and dwelling with a luscious emphasis upon that "one loved" word.

"Death of all the demons, girl! you need a straight waistcoat and a shower bath! Sit down here! *Sit down*, I say, at least, and listen to me, before you devote yourself to destruction!" exclaimed the old man, seizing his niece by the wrist, and forcing her into a seat. "Now, then. You say in spite of threatened misery, disgrace, and ruin, you will stand by the man whom you insanely call your husband?"

"So help me Heaven at my utmost need, I WILL," said Honora, solemnly.

"How, in the meantime, are you to live? *His* fortune is gone. The missing will is found. He is a beggar."

"My fortune remains," answered the lady.

"It does! But, by the powers! it remains in my hands, where it shall continue for awhile."

"Then, when he is acquitted, as he will be, we can both work."

"Ay; but while he is in prison?"

"I can work for him," replied the noble girl.

"*You* work for him! What can you do, Donna Quixote?—you who never helped yourself to a glass of water, or stooped to pick up your own pocket handkerchief—what can *you* do?"

"Make shirts, teach music, keep a day-school—anything honest."

"Keep school? As if people would send their children to the wife of a felon!"

"UNCLE!" interrupted Honora, with startling energy.

"Nay, never flash your eyes at me in that manner. I say that he is a felon!" exclaimed the old man, furiously.

"Sir," said Honora, now speaking slowly, calmly, and sternly, though she was white as alabaster, "retract that word, or, by all my hopes of Heaven, we are strangers, henceforth!"

"I will *not* retract it! I will *repeat* it—Godfrey Dulanie is a felon! I will *re-iterate* it—Godfrey Dulanie is a felon!" exclaimed the enraged old man, in a voice of thunder.

"Now, palsied be the tongue that speaks such slanders against his noble name?" were the words that arose to Honora's lips; but, to her credit be it said, they remained unuttered. Even amid the tempest of grief, scorn, and anger that stormed in her bosom, she remembered the respect due to gray hairs, and controlled herself. Silently she arose and advanced towards the door, with the purpose of leaving the room.

"Return to your seat, madam! By the Heaven above us, you shall not ruin yourself and disgrace your family!" thundered the old man, starting up to prevent her progress.

Honora, who was now thoroughly self-possessed, paused at once, but remained standing, while she said, quietly—

"Colonel Shannon, listen to me, if you please. Last night, in the presence of two hundred witnesses, you gave me as a wife to Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, to whom I was then and there wedded. By that act, sir, you transferred to him all authority over me. You have now not the least right to hinder me. I go to my husband;" and with a slight bow she went on.

He sprang up and intercepted her, seized her wrist and forced her back to her seat. She was too proud to struggle; but just so soon as she sat down, she quickly possessed herself of the bell tassel that hung within her reach, and holding it in her hand, said, calmly—

"Colonel Shannon, you have committed a breach of the peace, in using violence towards a woman not subject to your authority. If, therefore, you again venture to use force in preventing me from leaving this room, and going to comfort my husband, you will constrain me to the very painful necessity of calling in assistance and giving you in charge."

"All the demons in and out of Hades!" exclaimed the old man in a fainting voice, as he dropped into a chair, overwhelmed with astonishment at the audacity of Honora.

And before he recovered his self-possession the lady quietly arose and withdrew from the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRISONER.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
Though ruin is around thee,
Thine eye-beam burns as proudly now,
As when the laurel bound thee.

MRS. CHILD.

Honora vailed herself, crossed the street, entered the prison, and in a few moments passed into her husband's cell.

Mr. Dulanie was sitting in his little green wooden chair, beside the tiny black walnut stand, engaged in writing. He looked up, turned, and held out his arms as she advanced and gently dropped upon his bosom, exclaiming in low, deep, impassioned tones—"Thine, thine, thine, thine! Oh! fold me fondly, for I am thine own, own, own! I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee—never, never, never! Oh! I do love thee, and honor thee, and trust thee, more than ever woman did man before!"

Closely he pressed her to his bosom, earnestly he answered, "My Honora, my beloved bride! what return can I make thee for all thy devotion?—Oh! since this arrest *had* to be made, would God it had been made a day earlier, that so it had not involved thee in my ruin!"

"So would not *I!* God be thanked that since this arrest was destined to be made, it was not made one hour earlier, for thus, at least, it leaves me the privilege, the blessed privilege, the indisputable *wife's* privilege of remaining at your side to *share*, if not to *soothe*, your sorrows! Oh! my dear, dear, husband, amid all the bitterness of this bitter hour, how I thank God for this one sweet mercy!" she exclaimed, dropping her head on his breast.

"But, Honora, my devoted wife! pause before you decide. Your only earthly safety may be in leaving me—pause and reflect!" he said with earnest solemnity.

"Pause! as if I *could* pause! Oh! 'entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee.' * * * * The Lord so do to me also if aught but death part thee and me!" she replied in the solemn and beautiful words of the Moabitess.

And so through that sad Christmas-day, that sorrowful first day of their wedded lives, she remained beside him.

Towards evening, Mr. Wardour was summoned and requested to go across the street to the hotel, and try to engage a chamber and a private parlor for her accomodation.

He went. But the court being in session and the village full of people, the hotel was crowded to excess and neither parlor nor chamber could be obtained. Besides this, there was not a boarding-house in town. Nor was Honora acquainted with any family in the place, with whom she might have taken up a temporary abode. Around great sorrows how many small vexations arise. Godfrey and Honora looked at each other in perplexity. The good-hearted warden came to their aid with a suggestion.

"Mrs. Wardour has a neat spare bed-room, and keeps a clean table—both are heartily at the lady's service if she will do us the honor to take them," he said.

With earnest thanks they accepted the offer, and terms were arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. And thus by having lodging within the prison enclosure, Honora enjoyed the extraordinary privilege of remaining in her husband's cell up to the latest hour of retirement. Then, having united in evening prayer, the newly-married and most sorrowful pair separated for the night.

Honora, conducted by the turnkey, who waited for her without, went down and left the prison proper for the little two-storied house in the same enclosure, that was the warden's dwelling.

Here she was met by Mrs. Wardour, a little, fat, good-natured woman of forty years of age, who received her with the most respectful kindness, and conducted her up the little narrow stairs to a small bed-chamber, having a single window curtained with white muslin; a list carpet on the floor; a single bed covered with white dimity; a toilet table draped with white cambric; and, lastly, a cheerful little wood fire burning on a bright red hearth, before which was drawn up a rocking-chair and a reading-stand. A fresh night-dress was laid upon the bed for the use of the lady, whose wardrobe was, of course, understood to be left behind at Piedmont.

The kind-hearted hostess officiated as lady's maid, and after undressing her guest, and seeing her in bed, she withdrew, taking the light, and leaving the lady to her much-needed quietness and repose. And thus the bride of an evening passed the second night after her marriage.

The warden's little family kept very early hours, so that about the dawn of day Honora was awakened from her restless sleep by the suppressed stir of the little household around her. She immediately arose, for there was much to be done which she wished to complete before the hour of opening the prison, so that she might, if possible, pass all the remainder of the day in her husband's cell. She quickly made her simple toilet—a plain black silk dress, with white collar and cuffs, and her dark hair plainly parted over her broad forehead, and gathered in a large roll at the nape of her neck—and was ready to join the family at their early breakfast.

Immediately after the morning meal, she despatched Willy, the son of the warden, to order her carriage and horses from the livery stable where they had been left, as she wished to send to Piedmont for her own and Mr. Dulanie's wardrobes. To her surprise and vexation, the lad returned with the news that her equipage had on the preceding day been withdrawn and sent home by Colonel Shannon. This event was not more embarrassing in itself than indicative of future petty persecutions of the same sort. With some difficulty, Honora at length procured a messenger with a cart, to carry an order to Piedmont for her own and Mr. Dulanie's luggage. And this business dispatched, she went to her husband's cell, where she purposed to spend the day.

During the forenoon Mr. Dulanie made out a brief, which Honora assisted him in transcribing, and copies of which he sent, with retaining fees, to his colleague, Mr. Juste, of the Richmond bar, and to his friend Mr. Wright, of Washington city, accompanied by a request that those gentlemen would, if possible, come down to defend him.

Late in the afternoon the cart returned from Piedmont with Mr. Dulanie's trunks and boxes. But instead of Honora's baggage, came a note from Colonel Shannon, refusing to send any portion of her personal effects, and commanding her instant return to Piedmont. Now, Honora, who had determined never to disturb the harassed mind of her husband with her own personal vexations, had his luggage quietly brought into the lobby outside his cell, and, in regard to her own, kept silence. She knew the imperious temper of her guardian, and knew also that he had no right to detain her personal effects; and these effects, particularly her jewels and pocket-money, she needed very much to pay expenses and provide present comforts. She accordingly formed her plan, and waited for the next morning to put it in execution. Mr. Brown, the Washington lawyer, who had been her husband's first groomsman, was now in town, at the hotel, waiting the leizure of his friend to offer his services for the defence. Early on the third morning, therefore, Honora addressed a note to this gentleman, requesting him to see her at her lodgings. And when he came she explained her position, and requested him to attend her to Piedmont, whither she wished to go to demand her property. Mr. Brown readily consented; and Honora, with the approbation of Mr. Dulanie, departed under his escort for Piedmont, where she arrived just before noon.

But little did the lady anticipate the storm of indignation, invective, and reproaches that was to meet her there. Her grandmother, who was still ill from the effects of the shock she had received, accused her of bringing her "gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave." Colonel Shannon reproached her with disobedience, imprudence, and immodesty. And even her young cousins, amid tears of grief and anger, charged her with ruining all their own prospects, by clinging to her "felon" bridegroom. And all, with one accord, gave her to understand that, in the event of her returning to him, neither aid, comfort, nor countenance was to be hoped from her own family, who would thereupon and thenceforward discard and disown her. All this Honora bore with great composure, firmness, and patience—only, at the end of all, quietly requesting to be put in posession of her personal effects. These were for some time refused, until, at the suggestion of Honora, Mr. Brown interfered, reminding the colonel that, in the event of his continued refusal, a suit would be commenced against him which would not greatly tend to the elevation of his credit. So, finally, by coolness, patience, and perseverance, Honora and her advocate conquered. The effects were given up; and, pursued by the evil prophecies of the proud, worldly, and imperious family, the lady and her escort set out for W., which they reached late at night. Even more than the heavy calamity that hung over her head, did this petty, contemptible, humiliating family warfare distract and depress the mind of the high-spirited girl. She was almost content that the hour was so late, when she arrived, that the prison-doors were closed, and that a night must intervene before she could present herself before her husband.

It was but a few days to this date, when quite a sensation was created in town by the arrest of Agnes Darke, who was discovered in a mountain negro's hut, where she was supposed to be hiding from the subpœna. As it was believed that her testimony would be the most important, and as it was feared that she would again elude the vigilance of the officers, and escape to avoid testifying, she was required to enter into a recognizance with her securities, Drs. Henry and Heine, for her appearance at the present term of the criminal court, to give evidence in the approaching trial of Godfrey Dulanie for the murder of Hugh Hawe.

It was on the third morning succeeding the arrest of Agnes Darke, that Messrs. Juste and Wright arrived in town, and after a visit to the cell of the prisoner, with Mr. Brown, adjourned to a private parlor in the hotel, where they had a long consultation, in which it was arranged how the three should conduct the defence.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF NEW YORK.

1. A street that is not under repair.
2. A glass of pure milk.
3. A policeman who was found as soon as he was wanted.
4. An omnibus that wasn't going to the same locality as the person hailing it.
5. A statue that is an ornament to the metropolis.
6. An alderman who lost money by his office.
7. A merchant who is not "selling off below cost."

SUCCESS produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.

WHEAT OR TARES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Wheat or tares—which are you sowing, Fanny dear, in the mind of this sweet little fellow?" said Uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard, as he lifted a child not yet beyond his fourth summer upon his knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered above his snowy temples.

"Wheat, I trust, Uncle Lincoln," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mother."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said, "I am his mother."

It was Mr. Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage, and removal to a city some hundreds of miles away from her old home.

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of the seed she held in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with the wheat, quite as often as he scatters evil seed. The husbandman must not only watch his fields by night and by day, but also the repositories of his grain, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking to her little boy about ten minutes afterwards, "don't upset my work-basket. Stop! Stop, I say, you little rogue!"

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the spools of cotton, scissors, needles, emery cushion, etc., from being scattered about the floor

Willie laughed in great glee at his exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered up the contents of the work-basket, which she now placed on a shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in mock resentment, saying—

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milkman."

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gayly.

"Tares," said Uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"Nonsense, uncle!"

"The tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. Nothing will choke out the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood you also threw in upon the newly-broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tares of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! What are *you* thinking about?" said Mrs. Howard, in real surprise.

"Did you not say that you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did not."

"Then," said Uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow to set small value upon his word?"

"You treat the matter too seriously, uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him what is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"It was only in sport," said Fanny, persistently.

"But in sport with sharp-edged instruments—playing with deadly poisons." The old gentleman looked and spoke with the seriousness that oppressed his feelings. "Fanny! Fanny! Truth and obedience are good seeds; falsehood and disobedience are tares from the Evil One. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child's mind will grow, and the harvest will be wheat or tares, just as you have sown."

Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

"Willie," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "go down to Jane and tell her to bring me a glass of water."

Willie, who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked up on hearing his name. But as he did not feel like going off to the kitchen, he made no response, and let his eyes return to the pictures, in which he had become interested.

"Willie!" (Mrs. Howard spoke with decision), "Did you hear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered Willie.

"Go this minute!"

"I'm afraid."

"Go, I say!"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" inquired the mother.

"Afraid of the cat."

"No, you are not. The cat never hurt you, or anybody else."

"I'm afraid of the milkman. You said he should carry me off."

"The milkman is not down stairs," said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to crimson; "he only comes in the morning."

"Yes, he is. I heard his wagon a little while ago, and he's talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?" the little fellow put in with remarkable skill, all the semblances of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs. Howard did not look towards her uncle; she was afraid to do that.

"Willie," (the mother spoke very seriously), "you know the milkman is not down stairs; and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said, therefore, is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood."

"Ho! ho!" laughed out the bright-eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his own sharpness, "then you're wicked, for you tell what is not true every day."

"Willie!"

"The milkman hasn't carried me off yet."

There was a world of meaning in Willy's countenance and voice.

"You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window."

"Willie!" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that?" and the young rebel drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic breast-pin, which he had positively been forbidden to touch, and held it up with a look of mingled triumph and defiance.

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard; "this is going too far!" and springing towards her boy, she grappled him in her arms, and fled with him, struggling, from the room.

It was a quarter of an hour before she returned, alone, to the apartment where she had left her uncle. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" said the old gentleman, in kind but earnest tones, as his niece came back.

"Tares," was the half-mournful response.

"Wheat were better, Fanny."

"I see it, uncle."

"And you will look well in future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child."

"God helping me, I will, dear uncle."

"Remember, Fanny," said Mr. Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good seed. Plant them, and the harvest-time will come in blessing."

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth some time ago determined to erect at Plymouth a colossal monument to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Not without cause, nor too soon, have they decreed it. On all the record of the world there shines no page more memorable, nor stands a group more lofty and heroic than the historic page and the heroic group of the Pilgrims, who, braving the perils of the ocean in the fragile Mayflower, in the biting winter of 1620, landed

"On the stern and rock-bound coast"

of New England—on the Rock of Plymouth! Such a band, for such a purpose, never before planted a colony. No warrior ambition, no lust for gold, no thought of earthly honors tempted them from their homes, and the homes and graves of their kindred, in the fatherland. For freedom alone they dared a forest world—dared the hostile elements—dared the savage foe; and, casting behind them all but a sad and bitter memory of the wrongs they had suffered, and the trials they had borne, they reared their cabins and altars in the wilderness, and thanked God, in the face of danger, of death, that they had found, at last, a spot for rest, refuge and free worship.

These were men and women fit to plant the seed of a new and free nation, and to develop a new world. Others had crossed the ocean, but not to hew down the forest or to plant the wilderness. The hidalgo and the cavalier sought the new world, fired with visions of memorable conquests and countless spoils; the monk and the friar sought it, not for their own freer enjoyment of religious faith, but to impose their creeds on terror-stricken races by a baptism of blood. Only the Pilgrims came to turn not back again, to murmur not at their hard fate, nor to wander in "pathless woods," but to accept such soil and climate, and such privation and blessing, as Providence might award. To win freedom from the mitred bigot and the mailed despot, was their ample victory. They were men and women of dauntless courage and unbending will. Their faith in God made them greater than a mailed host; it was more than sword and shield; it flashed light into the forest depths, and raised a song of thanksgiving louder than the arctic blasts or the roar of the tempest driven sea.

There is no need that we should detail the story of the Pilgrims—how they suffered, yet fainted not—how the forest and the savage fled before them—how they made the wilderness blossom—how their cabins swelled to hamlets and villages, and their school-houses and temples arose on every hill and in every vale, until from the scanty but glorious stock of fathers and mothers who landed at Plymouth, populous colonies spread wide over the land. Every true American, every child, knows the story, and keeps it fresh in the heart—a fountain of grateful inspiration and patriotic pride. No other people than the descendants of the Pilgrims can boast so grand an ancestry. Admit all the "canting" and short-comings that envy and malice dare charge to their account, they still stand the bravest and noblest band of colonizers on record.

The battle they fought for their faith, a century and a half before the Revolution, was greater for the welfare of the world than the Revolution itself. But for victory in that early battle with toil, privation and suffering, more than likely the Revolution would never have come. The intelligence, the faith, the heroism of the Pilgrims cast forward into the souls of their children the elements and the spirit of revolution. Their examples and teachings made bondage odious to all who came after them. Such fathers and mothers are worthy of the noblest monument art can build; and when art has done its bravest, their memory will shape a prouder monument in the hearts of grateful millions.

A RICHLY BAITED TRAP.

We clip the following advertisement from a morning paper:

WANTED.—By a Widower, a Governess for two children, five and seven years of age. A young lady of good manners and of fine personal appearance would be preferred, though a young widow without children might be accepted. The most liberal salary will be paid, and the situation will in every way be rendered as agreeable as possible. Address. ———, &c.

This advertisement amounts to nothing less (or more) than an invitation to the fairest portion of the fair sex in general, for one of their number to sell her character and happiness to the advertiser, for "a liberal salary" and the "most agreeable situation possible," under the disguise of acting as a governess to his two children. We have too much faith in the sagacity and goodness of the sex, to believe that he will succeed in his purpose.

ULTIMATE OF MORMONISM.

Of the Utah saints we have spoken heretofore. That they are vagabonds and miscreants, is no longer doubted, save among themselves. As they have outraged all decency, so have they defied all proper civil restraint. For a long time they have been virtual traitors and outlaws. Now, they stand armed to push down all outside authority. They are prepared for and have already practiced rapine and murder. But none of these are new characteristics. Their settlement in Nauvoo gave ample warning as to who and what they were. Yet, until the bud of their iniquities has blossomed in blood, our government has trifled with this social and political excresence. Party politics and personal ambitions have overridden the public welfare, and now, when it has come to war in earnest—a war that will cost many lives and millions of treasure—our soldiers are laggardly marching to conquer what might, ere President Fillmore began the parley with Mormonism, have been put down by a bare breath of federal authority. It is the old story of locking the door after the burglar has done his work.

The Mormons, composed chiefly of a low class of foreigners, are determined to live on in their own way, and will permit no civilized rule in Utah until forced at the cannon's mouth. They are concentrating their horde, and turning every available means into weapons and munitions of war. It will require an army of at least five thousand disciplined troops to cope with them. They have made allies of the hostile Indian tribes, and in every way prepared themselves for the conflict. It will be a bloody struggle, and when done we shall have conquered—what? Not the Mormons, but a waste land, for—mark our words—when defence is no longer possible, Brigham and his followers will make Utah a scene of desolation, and then flee to new quarters, perhaps in the Russian dominions, whither their women and children will have been sent before them. The Mormons know their game is nearly up in Utah, but they are bound not to seek a new Jerusalem until the old one is smeared with ashes and blood. And for all this let our government take the blame, as it deserves.

KINDNESS.

How true it is that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and that deeds of kindness in return for evil are as heaping coals of fire upon one's head. The rule of kindness is a part of the great law of love—even as pure love is a part of the Divine Spirit. Kindness is as cheap as it is beautiful. It may be given in a word or a look, without diminishing aught of our wealth. With courtesies alone we may illumine our pathway, and pluck down blessings which no gold could purchase. To be brotherly, to befriend and cheer, and console as far as in us lie, these are the crowning graces of humanity—and all these are born of kindness. It is anger, breeding hate and contumely, that has filled the earth with misery and ruin. Anger between kindred and races, before which all that is beautiful in man vanishes, leaving only the wild, fierce animal of his being. Families divided, friends parted, communities at feud, and nation warring against nation—these are the fruits of anger. It has begotten the foulest of crimes. But kindness, in proportion as this has been the ruling spirit among men, peace and happiness have followed. The home-hearth has been the centre of a paradise, and the community a fraternal Elysium. Verily "Better is a dry crust and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifice with strife." Let us study and strive to be kind, no matter how seemingly trivial the occasion, nor how small the promised fruit. It is the only language of our nature that is universal and irresistible. In the language of the poet:

"How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls;
O if they knew, who walk the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere Paradise again."

"ONLY A TRIFLE."

Precisely; but of seeming trifles—of atoms—the universe is made. God has dealt with little things, but with nothing has he trifled. Sands with him are particles of creation, and moments are measures of time. We may hold an hour as a trifling possession; yet in every hour thousands of human beings are born and die. The great face of nature takes on some change with every second of time. Not a bird sings but to fill some note in the anthem of nature, which, before the "beginning of things," God composed. Not a bud bursts, but there is an appointment for its odor. Not a dew-drop, but has its mission. Not a leaf falls, but to enrich some space of earth. By almost invisible degrees, the fens and marshes are lifted by vegetation into habitable soil. The mountain is but an aggregate of motes; and the mightiest oak, stalwart upon the hills, and defiant of lightning and storm, was once but a tiny acorn. Only a trifle! Trifles are often the seeds of weightiest events—beginnings of the grandest ends—steps toward the most momentous conclusions. If a single vote has made a governor, so has an unintended slight of an ambassador kindled a furious war. Had not Alexander indulged in *one* cup too many, Persepolis had not been fired. It is the first small yielding to temptation that peoples prisons and feeds the gallows. Trifles are indications, even as straws are weather-vanes. They compel inferences as to habit and character. The cruel child points forward to the cruel, bad man. It is about trifles that we should be careful. He who is true in little things will seldom be false in great ones. Franklin's financial maxim may cover the rule—"take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

A MISGUIDED "PATRIOT."

We see it stated in an "exchange" that a beautiful young lady in Ohio not long since lost a favorite horse by death, and that ever since she has been "inconsolable." There is something very disgusting to us in the idea of "a beautiful young lady's" being so attached to a horse as to be "inconsolable" on account of its death. It is proof of a very coarse nature.—*Eastern Patriot.*

Not at all, Mr. Patriot. On the contrary, it is a proof of a very good and affectionate nature. The best, the most distinguished, and the most refined men and women who have ever lived, have been exceedingly fond of horses. We do not, of course, maintain that horses should be idolized, although it is very far from evidence of "a coarse nature" to be attached to the most noble of all animals.

A FALSE EXPOSITOR.

Every man has his price, and every woman too, for that matter. This is our belief, and we don't believe in thinking one way, and talking or writing in another. And if everybody would be equally frank, we should not be alone in our declaration.—*True Expositor.*

For one, we decidedly disagree with our cotemporary. A celebrated writer says, "When a man charges the whole world with being dishonest, he convicts only *himself*." We commend this remark to the earnest consideration of the editor of the "True Expositor," and hope it will enable him hereafter himself to be a truer expositor.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CHILD WHOM NOBODY CAN DO ANYTHING WITH.

I wonder is it foreordained that there shall be one child in every family whom "nobody can do anything with?" Who tears around the paternal pasture with its heels in the air, looking at rules, as a colt does at fences, as good things to jump over. We all know that the poor thing must be "broken in," and all its graceful curvetings sobered down to a monotonous jog-trot; that it must be taught to bear heavy burdens, and to toil up many a steep ascent at the touch of the spur; but who that has climbed the weary hight does not pass the halter round the neck of the pretty creature with a half-sigh, that its happy day of careless freedom should be soon ended?

How it bounds away from you, making you almost glad that your attempt was a failure; how lovingly your eye follows it, as it makes the swift breathless circle, and stops at a safe distance to nod you defiance. Something of all this every loving parent has felt, while trying to reduce to order the child whom "nobody can do anything with."

Geography, grammar and history seem to be put into one ear, only to go out at the other. The multiplication table might as well be written in Arabic, for any idea it conveys, or lodges, if conveyed, in the poor thing's head. Temperate, torrid, and frigid zones may all be of a temperature for all she can remember, and her mother might have been present at the creation of the world, or at the birth of the Author of it, for aught she can chronologically be brought to see.

But look! she is tired of play, and has taken up her pencil to draw; she has had no instruction; but peep over her shoulder and follow her pencil; there is the true artist touch in that little sketch, though she does not know it—a freedom, a boldness which teaching may regulate, never impart. Now she is tired of drawing, and takes up a volume of poems, far beyond the comprehension, one would think, of a child of her years, and though she often miscalls a word, and knows little and cares less about commas and semi-colons, yet not the finest touch of humor or pathos escapes her, and the poet would be lucky, were he always sure of so appreciative a reader. She might tell you that France was bounded south by the Gulf of Mexico, but you yourself could not criticise Dickens or Thackeray with more discrimination.

Down goes the book, and she is on the tips of her toes pirouetting. She has never seen a dancing-school, nor need she; perfectly modeled machinery cannot but move harmoniously; she does not know, as she floats about, that she is an animated poem. Now she is tired of dancing, and she throws herself into an old arm-chair, in an attitude an artist might copy, and commences to sing; she is ignorant of quavers, crotchets and semi-breves, of tenors, baritones and sopranos, and yet you, who have heard them with rapturous encores, stop to listen to her simple melody.

Now she is down in the kitchen playing cook; she turns a beef-steak as if she had been brought up in a restaurant, and washes dishes for fun, as if it had been always sober earnest; singing, dancing, and drawing the cook's portrait at intervals, and all equally well done.

Now send that child to any school in the land, where "Moral Science" is hammered remorselessly and uselessly into curly heads, and she would be pronounced an incorrigible dunce. Idiotically-stupid parrot-girls would ride over her shrinking, sensitive shame-facedness, rough-shod. She would be kept after school, kept in during recess, and have a discouraging list of bad recitation marks as long as Long Island; get a crooked spine, grow ashamed of throwing snow-balls, have a chronic headache, and an incurable disgust of teachers and schools, as well she might.

She is like a wild rose, creeping here, climbing there, blossoming where you least expect it, on some rough stone wall or gnarled trunk, at its own free, graceful will. You may dig it up and transplant it into your formal garden if you like, but you would never know it more for the luxuriant wild-rose, this "child whom nobody can do anything with."

Some who read this may ask, and properly, is such a child never to know the restraint of rule? I would be the last to answer in the negative, nor (and here it seems to me the great agony of outraged childhood comes in) would I have parents or teachers stretch or dwarf children of all sorts, sizes and capacities, on the same narrow Procrustean bed of scholastic or parental rule. No farmer plants his celery and potatoes in the same spot, and expects it to bear good fruit. Some vegetables he shields from the rude touch, the rough wind, the blazing sun; he knows that each requires different and appropriate nurture, according to its capacities. Should they who have the care of the immortal be less wise?

"You have too much imagination, you should try to crush it out," was said many years ago to the writer, in her school days, by one who should have known that "He who seeth the end from the beginning" bestows *no* faculty to be "crushed out;" and who must have seen before now that this very faculty it is which has placed the writer, at this moment, beyond the necessity of singing, like so many of her sex, the weary Song of the Shirt.

Fanny Fern.

SWINDLING PUBLISHERS.

There is a class of publishers in this and other cities to whom the term "swindling" may be justly prefixed. They may be known by their offers of "premiums" for *cash subscriptions in advance*, and by other equally suspicious announcements. Some of them offer "prizes" of farms, horses, carriages, gold watches, books, etc., to those who will send them large sums for subscriptions *in advance*. Every such offer is a satisfactory confession of weakness and bankruptcy. A healthy publication and an honest publisher need not to be galvanized into life by such illegitimate processes. No proprietor of a leading, well-established paper or periodical ever resorts to such clap-trap means *to obtain cash in advance*; he would be ashamed to be caught offering these "prizes" and "premiums" for subscriptions. His paper itself he considers the best "prize."

We therefore warn our readers against sending their money to publishers who resort to such tricks and humbug for the purpose of getting money of honest and confiding people who live at a distance, and consequently have no means of knowing the true character of the swindlers. The papers and periodicals advertised by such adventurers invariably *stop*, as soon as they have succeeded in fleecing their credulous victims out of their money by the offer of "brilliant prizes" and "great premiums." *Never send your money to any publisher until you have made some inquiry as to his character and position, and his ability to fulfill his "premium pledges."* This is the only way to avoid being duped!

GOOD BREEDING.

BY MARY FORREST.

We are all gentlemen and gentlewomen. Any hint to the contrary is a gross insult; yet every day we violate the laws of good breeding. Incivilities abound. There must be a radical wrong somewhere. Our gentlemen and women are not home-made—gentle from the heart out, through all the fine strata of their growth and experience. Our mansions and cottages are not all homes of kind feeling and gracious expression, sending out genial currents through the whole social system. Too many sit in dingy fustians, with unkempt and slip-shod manners, at their firesides, and talk barbarisms at their tables, and then put on velvet robes and paradise feathers—dress-coats and suavity, and go forth—puissant gentle-folk. But their fine feathers will get awry on parade, and disclose the coarse habits beneath.

Slang-phrases, ridicule, slovenliness, vulgar attitudes, and oaths, are admitted into no system of good breeding, and the thorough-bred can, by no possibility, be surprised into them.

I know a man—a gentleman by position and at heart—who, in polite circles, indulges in an explosive "*Gammon!*" or "*Pshaw!*" if he does not fully endorse an opinion, and perpetrates a long, low whistle, when some story, to his mind apocryphal, is related. It matters not that the opinion is expressed, or the story told, by a woman. It is his *brusque* way, confirmed by years of fireside practice, and she must abide the indignity as best she may. So the really chivalric Hans becomes a terror to all who do not choose to meet him with his own weapons.

I have a rollicking Cousin Kate—all Cousin Kates are rollicking and lawless. Everybody loves them, and everybody dreads them, because they love everybody and spare nobody. Cousin Kate Forrest is no exception. A cross between the imp and saint, as a child she would sit upon the knee of the old Dominie, when he chanced to be our guest, and say him sweet hymns, with the sweetest of voices and accents; and when he had gathered her to his heart in most tender wise, and called her "one of God's lambs," she would slip quietly down, and come up presently—a curly-headed sprite—behind his chair, making imaginary dashes at his great, flowing wig—tapping the palm of her left hand with the fore-finger of her right, and turning up the blue white of her eyes, while she delivered some long-winded homily in irresistible pantomime. Whereat each one of the family sandwiched the smile, that would come, into his or her "minister-talk"—graceless and *mal-a-propos* enough, too, at times. And that way *grew* the mischief. All eccentricities of manner and costume—all mental and physical obliquities—were henceforth private capital to Kate. Not a point in her game escaped her. Polly Prim once faced suddenly about upon her, just as she was pursing up her mouth to an inaudible "persimmons," and tip-toeing up and down in the rear of the ancient maiden, with a pocket-handkerchief depending from the tips of her fingers. Poor Kate! Impromptu lameness and demureness would not avail. One glance was enough for the stately spinster. Miss Prim's tall figure cut through the silence that followed like a sharp knife, and ne'er the shadow of a Prim has since darkened our threshhold. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Cousin Kate is a woman now. The saint grew with her. She has sweet, womanly instincts, and a rare magnetism that attracts about her many choice spirits. The imp grew, too, to a "mounting devil," whose ungovernable pranks have cost her many a tear—whose ruthless hoofs will ever be upon the fairest flowers of her heart. Fathers and mothers, bridle the imps if you would joy in the angels.

Slovenliness and ungainliness are offshoots from the same root of mismanagement. "Home, sweet home," should be the school of the fine arts. Natural grace and the "bump of order" are goodly gifts; but neatness and elegance are none the less accomplishments within reach of all whom nature has defrauded. Cleanliness is a cardinal virtue. I could not love a Hebe with dust under her nails, nor tolerate an Apollo whose teeth were ochraceous with tobacco juice. I could never kiss the cherubiest child in soiled flannel, nor abide a dimple with a speck in it. Keep the soul in white robes, and the body will follow suit unconsciously.

There is much character in attitude. Nobleness stands calm and strong, and sits with an easy equipoise. Shallowness tries one foot and then the other, and lops over the chair-arms like a wilted leaf. Dissimulation writhes and twists, and sits down in a coil. Intuition bends slightly forward, and hears without hearing, and sees without seeing. Meekness, gentleness and reverence fall into the same attitude. Meanness makes high shoulders, and hides his diminished head between them. Egotism stands like a capital I, and sits like a capital I with a joint in it. Enthusiasm wears holes in the carpet, and distracts sofa-covers. Cultivate high born grace and excellence in the inner man, and the carriage of the outer man will correspond.

Profane manhood is manhood defaced and defiled. Profane womanhood is a horror—thank Heaven! an anomaly. Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious: like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity. They are fit emanations only from lips that know not the sweet dews of baby-kisses—that never thrill to the pulsing seal of love and benison—that whisper no prayers. Mouths vile with the effluvia of gin and garlic—unholy dens and darkness, are their proper dwelling places. Curses are the coarsest kind of Billingsgate; but there are those among us who would think it disgraceful to use the language of fishwomen, yet shower down malisons upon all offenders with unscrupulous unction. Profanity is blasphemy. It is a sad and fearful sound—the minikin finite rushing blindly upon the thick bosses of the Infinite. Mortal saints uncover their heads and put off their shoes; archangels vail their faces; misguided and audacious man alone trifles with his God—removes his choice cigar, with jeweled hand, to exhaust vexation in well-rounded oaths—stands up in street brawls and Bacchic revels, or lies down in loathsome gutters with a name of living fire upon his lips. Your innate and gently-bred nobleman is no swearer. Your true gentleman and gentlewoman are reverent towards the immortal within them, and the God who made them. Home is the only school of "high art;" wise fathers and mothers are the only "old masters."

* * *

A Bookseller's Opinion.—C. M. Alward, an influential and respectable bookseller, of Niles, Michigan, in a business communication to us, writes as follows:—

I shall do my best to increase the Ledger's circulation, for, aside from any pecuniary interest I have in its sale, I do honestly believe it is "*the best paper in the world.*"

Truly, Yours, C. M. Alward.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

It is a benevolent provision of nature that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring—a second childhood, scarcely less beautiful than the first, and that, while we forget all passing occurrences, many of which are but painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of the pleasures of youth. Many a graybeard who seems to be lost in vacancy, as he sits silently twirling his thumbs, is in fact chewing the mental cud of past happiness, and enjoying a tranquil gratification which youngsters might well envy.

One misanthropical remark of Goethe was quite unworthy of his genial and penetrative mind. He said that each of us—the best as well as the worst—hides within him something, some feeling, some remembrance, which, if it were known, would make you hate him. More consonant would it have been to truth, as well as to an enlightened spirit of humanity, had he reversed the proposition, and said with Shakspeare—

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

A very sensitive author, who is not destitute of literary merit, has instituted suit against four editors for what he calls damage done to his character, and he threatens to prosecute as many more. If the editors of the country can get him to say what he considers his whole character worth, perhaps they had better pay him by contribution the value of the entire thing, and then say what they please about it.

A miser, though he loves himself better than all the world, uses himself worse; for he lives like a pauper in order that he may enrich his heirs, whom he naturally hates, because he knows that they hate him, and sigh for his death. Misers are like leeches, which, when they sicken and die, disgorge instantaneously the blood they have so long been sucking out.

Within the last week we have seen accounts of three instances of hanging, in each of which the rope broke. We could almost tolerate the passage of a law, that in every case where the rope provided by the executioner gives way, he himself shall be hung by one of the pieces, while his victim dangles from the other.

Misfortune is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to anything, in short, but to ourselves. Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse and make responsible for all our calamities.

Large minds, like pictures, are seen best at a distance. Their beauties are thus enhanced, and their blemishes concealed—a process which is reversed by a close inspection. This is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, that we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

In one of the Southern States of our Union, there have been more fights in one year during the existence of the gallon law, than there had been in three years before. We guessed from the first how it would be. The thing all comes of taking a gallon at a drink.

A Western candidate for office says that he seldom addresses his fellow citizens from the rostrum, because he has a hesitancy in his speech. We suspect that he has it only upon the very rare occasions when he undertakes to speak the truth.

We once heard a partizan boast that his party was a Briarius with a hundred arms. "Oh, yes," said his opponent, "a hundred arms and a hundred legs—the arms all busy in plundering the country, and the legs in running away with the spoils."

A prominent member of Congress warns the banks that they "may find a whirlwind raised about their ears." They will be glad to hear it. Some of them have been not a little puzzled to know how the wind was to be raised.

"My dear madam, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head." "My dear sir, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool upon your back."

Men need not expect to receive the blessings of Heaven unless fit for them. A rusty shield prayed to the sun, Oh, sun, illume me with thy rays. The sun answered, Oh, shield, make thyself clean.

An ill-natured writer says that more than two-thirds of our editors eat, drink, and live "upon tick." We think it likely that a considerable number of the more fortunate of them *sleep* "on tick."

Adam and Eve yielded to the temptation of eating what would give them knowledge. A great many of our people yield to the far stranger temptation of drinking what will make them fools.

An impertinent editor warns us that the battle is not always to the strong. But that editor showed on a certain occasion, when a man was after him, that the race was to the swift.

A certain canting and sanctimonious hypocrite says he blushes daily that he is a man. His friends, if there are such people, may blush semi-daily that he *isn't*.

Morality is keeping up appearances in this world or becoming suddenly very devout when we imagine we are about being summoned to the next.

Medical practice is seen very frequently to be guessing at nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

A party of our friends, no longer ago than last week, chased a fox thirty-six hours. They actually "ran the thing into the ground."

"I suppose, old man, you consider yourself one of the *Big Wigs?*" "Well, I certainly don't think that you are any great scratch."

"I look down upon you, sir." "Yes, you seem to be in a condition to look down for the sky, and feel upward for the ground."

"I am sorry that your poor wife has gone to Heaven." "Thank you—may it be long before your wife's husband goes there."

It has been said of the cloak of religion that it may be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has in sermon time.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A company of emigrants on their way to Oregon near the east bank of the Jefferson Fork, recently came upon what might be termed a colony of rattlesnakes. The number of the reptiles seemed to be incomputable, and some of them were of great size. Owing to the rigor of the cold, they were in a semi-torpid state, else they might have been dangerous. The men fired upon and killed and wounded many of them, which caused a great hissing and rattling. The noxious effluvium which they exhaled made some members of the party seriously ill for several hours.

Ferukh Khan, the Persian ambassador at Paris, wears a diamond worth over five thousand dollars set in the toe of each of his slippers. The effect of these sparkling little ornaments is said to be exceedingly fine, especially by gas-light, and it is feared that the fashionable ladies of Paris will not be able to resist the temptation to follow such a fascinating fashion, notwithstanding the hard times.

The Mormons are said to have bought a large tract of land in the Russian Possessions, above Oregon, whither they intend to remove early in the spring. If this be true, they will find that the officers of the Czar will not stand upon ceremony or ballot-boxes whenever it shall be necessary to chastise them.

Jacob Peyster, who died a few days since at Astoria, was said to be over one hundred and three years of age, having been born in the year 1754. He was a native of Holland, and came to this country in 1824, on the same ship that brought La Fayette to pay his second visit to the New World.

There have been a great many swindling publications started this season, whose publishers try to get subscriptions in advance by offering "premiums" and "prizes" to anybody and everybody that will forward them a few dollars in cash. Look out for them!

A couple of sailors got into a fight a few evenings since in a vile den in Water street, and the mistress of the place attempting to separate them, one of the brutes knocked her down and stamped upon her breast until the breast bone was broken.

Mr. John Bergen, of St. Lawrence county, in this State, was killed a short time since by a pet bull. He was currying the animal, when it turned suddenly upon him, and gored him so terribly that he died in a few hours.

An old man nearly eighty years of age, named Reuben Fellows, living in Williamsburgh, has been sued for breach of promise by a young woman of that city. She had better have nothing to do with such "fellows" in future.

It is reported that gold has been found in large quantities in the northeastern section of Arizona Territory.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Who can tell a man what shall be *after* him under the sun?"
King Solomon.

If there *were* any who could tell that tale,
Why should he wish to hear!

Hath he not known
Enough of folly, vanity and wrong,
Enough of baffled trust, and fleeting joy,
To cast their memory willingly away,
With his clay vesture in the quiet tomb?

"*What shall be after him?*"
Why, the same things
That were before him, vanquished purposes,
Unsatisfying honors, empty fame,
Fond treasures that took wing and fled away,
Knowledge that sowed with toil, and reaped but wind,
And Hope that struck its anchor in the rock
Which bides the doom's-day flame.
The present time
Is what concerns thee, Pilgrim!
Not an hour
But hath its sky-reporting agencies,
Its faculties for good, its risk of sin,
Its chance for mercy, and its call for prayer.

The Present, lighted by the thoughtful Past,
Let that suffice.
The *Future* is with God.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER III.

Bearing her now insensible burden in her arms, Rachel staggered rather than walked on her way towards home, till she reached the foot of Westminster bridge, when the bitter recollection suddenly struck her that neither food, fire, or even light was to be found there; and what was still worse, that she was penniless, for George had taken the last shilling. In her despair and utter helplessness, she determined to beg, to implore the assistance of the passers by; and it is extraordinary how slight was the additional pang the resolution cost her, for pride, womanly shame, and fear yielded at once to the strong instinct of maternal love.

"All are not of iron," she murmured; "some will listen to me."

Despite her effort to repress them, the tears which had gathered in her eyes fell on her pale cheek, where the keen frost now fixed them, nature's gems wrung from a mother's breaking heart.

The first person to whom the suppliant addressed herself was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, enveloped in a large cloak. In all probability she would not have found courage to speak, had he not paused directly opposite the spot where she was standing to regard her.

"My child is dying!" she exclaimed, imploringly.

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated Rachel, in a tone of despair. "Well! I ask your pardon, sir. It was a foolish thought—a very foolish one—to suppose that a mother and her starving child could, on a night like this, excite a stranger's pity. I will not offend again."

"What is it you require?"

With a desperate effort the unhappy wife, and still more unhappy mother, faltered forth the word "charity."

The appeal was answered by an insulting, triumphant laugh.

There was something so wild, so unnatural in the mirth which could sport with distress like hers, that Rachel looked up, fearing she had encountered a madman. A pair of dark, fiend-like eyes were glaring upon her with an expression of savage exultation. She recognized them in an instant, for they were the same that had haunted her girlhood's dreams, inspiring her with terror and aversion.

Mechanically she pronounced the name of "Carus."

"Aye, Carus," repeated her cousin, with a bitter sneer. "I am glad you know me. I am not changed. Carus, the man whose love you scorned and rejected, whose charity you are reduced to solicit. Well, it is some satisfaction to see the wife of George Hoffman a beggar. Let me look upon you," he added; "it is not often that I taste so keen a pleasure."

Overwhelmed with shame and fear, the trembling creature attempted to pass him, but he seized her rudely by the arm, and swung her back.

"You will hurt my child!" she cried.

"Your child!" exclaimed the well-dressed ruffian, mockingly; "*his child.* And so it is dying—starving? What else could you expect when you married a worthless drunkard? See here, Rachel," he continued, at the same time extending his hand towards her filled with money; "half this, a quarter—nay, a tithe of it would save its life, and——"

"You would not give me one penny, Carus," interrupted his cousin, calmly. "You forget how well I know you."

Whilst Rachel was struggling to release herself, from the grasp of her ruffianly cousin, Jack Manders, who had just escaped from the park, came running over the bridge. He recognized Mrs. Hoffman in an instant, and stopped.

"Did you pass a policeman, boy?" demanded Carus.

"*More than one,*" replied the lad; "but what are you doing with that woman?"

"She has been begging, and I intend to give her in charge. Bring me a policeman, and I'll give you half a sovereign," added Carus Kearn.

Jack's heart—for, despite the school of vice in which he had unhappily been reared, the poor fellow really possessed such a thing—had bitterly reproached him for the danger into which he had led his late companion; not that he considered it likely to prove very serious—for Richard, as our readers are aware, had not touched the pocket of the benevolent old gentleman in St. James's Park, and was totally unknown to the police—circumstances greatly in his favor, according to the calculations of his more experienced friend, in whom the feeling of remorse became doubly strong when he saw Rachel struggling in the rude grasp of her cousin.

"Did you hear me, boy? Half a sovereign," repeated Carus, "for a policeman!"

"I heard ye," exclaimed the lad; "hadn't you better have two?"

Springing on the well-dressed ruffian, the speaker dextrously struck him a smart blow in the center of the right eye, and sent him sprawling on the slippery pavement. This was a trick his uncle, the returned convict, had taught him, and more than once it had enabled Jack to escape from his captors.

The fall was a severe one.

"Run!" whispered her protector to the terrified woman; "the peeler is at the other end of the bridge—I saw him at the bar of 'The Anchor,' a-drinkin' success to the new year, and plenty of 'em. Don't stare so, Mrs. Hoffman, you frighten me; run—run!"

The hope of escaping the degrading exposure her persecutor had threatened her with, imparted a momentary strength to the trembling limbs of Rachel, and a mother's love added speed to her flight as she rapidly disappeared in the direction of her home.

Jack Manders was not slow to follow; still he gallantly kept behind, determined, at any risk, to prevent her being overtaken. Several times he repeated to himself, "Only for begging! only for begging!" Had it been for thieving, doubtless he could have understood it.

Instead of returning to her wretched house, Rachel Hoffman, in the hope of obtaining assistance for her child, made the best of her way to the house of a neighbor, who kept a tobacconist's shop in the York road. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and had frequently procured the unhappy mother employment at her needle.

Mrs. Tuttle was just thinking of shutting up, when Rachel staggered rather than walked into the shop, with little Mary in her arms.

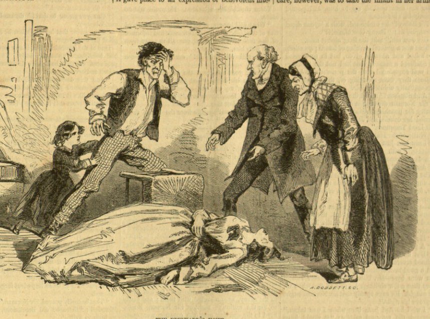
A frown, for an instant, knit the brows of the mistress of the place; but no sooner did she gaze on the pale, careworn features of her visitor, than it gave place to an expression of benevolent interest. She comprehended that it was weakness and not drink which caused the broken-hearted mother to totter beneath her burden.

"Come into the parlor," she said, "Sit down. What is the matter?"

When anything like an emergency occurred the speaker was a woman of few words.

"Dead!" sobbed the visitor, as she threw back the shawl which concealed her child. "Dead with cold and hunger—dead in the streets. I begged—begged," she sobbed, with a fresh burst of sorrow, "but no one would listen to my prayer."

Her hearer felt inexpressibly shocked. Her first care, however, was to take the infant in her arms,


A. BOBBETT. SC.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

and commence chafing its half-frozen limbs; her next to ring the bell and direct her niece—a staid young person, who lived with her as a companion and assistant—to warm some milk. By the time it was ready, the little sufferer showed signs of returning animation, and was soon eagerly partaking of the food her benefactress had prepared for her.

Mrs. Tuttle was not the person to perform a kind action by halves. But to complete her act of benevolence it was necessary she should be informed of everything; and she set about obtaining the requisite information in her usual business-like manner.

Having first rocked her charge to sleep, she wrapped her carefully in a warm blanket, and placed her in the arms of her mother, who was far more likely to converse rationally, she considered, with her rescued treasure nestled against her heart; her next care was to send her servant with food and other necessaries to the cottage in the Belvedere road; that done, she gradually drew from her visitor a narrative of all that had taken place. When we say all, we must except the story of the work-box: Rachel could not humiliate the father of her children by relating that.

"Oh, these men—these men!" exclaimed her hearer, when she had concluded; "if the best of them are troublesome at times, what must the bad ones be?—not that I have any reason to complain," she added. "You must be firm, Mrs. Hoffman, very firm. I should like to catch Mr. T. coming home drunk every night—or, indeed, any night—and plunging me in poverty and distress!"

Now this is the very thing the speaker would not have liked to catch her husband at; so it must be set down as an indirect way of expressing her abhorrence of the dissipated conduct of George Hoffman.

"As for Richard," she continued, "I have no fear of him, though you are quite right to remove him from this neighborhood as quickly as possible. Richard is honest."

"So young, and in the streets at such an hour!" observed his mother, with a sigh, for with the recovery of Mary, all her fears for the safety of her brother had returned.

"Bad," replied her kind friend, "but not hopeless. He will return, take my word for it; but he must not find you absent."

"I will depart at once," said Rachel, anxiously.

"You will find fire, light, and food," said Mrs. Tuttle, "and don't let matters come to such extremity again. There, I want no words; I know all that you would say. The servant will carry the child for you. Good night," she added, "or rather good morning, for the new year has commenced already. May it prove a happier, much happier one for you than the past."

With this kind wish the speaker hastened the departure of her visitor; not that she felt so anxious to get rid of her as to avoid a repetition of thanks and expressions of gratitude which really distressed her to listen to, for it was one of her maxims that kindness should be done for kindness' sake, and not for the empty gratification of hearing oneself praised.

The little woman was right. Would there were more like her in the world.

When Rachel entered her cottage, she gazed around her: the past appeared like some painful dream, till reflection convinced her of its reality. The fire that burnt cheerfully in the grate, seemed to mock the sadness at her heart. Involuntarily she turned towards the truckle bed Richard used to occupy, but it was empty. She had a thousand times rather have found her home cold and desolate, as she had quitted it, and have seen him sleeping there, have received his affectionate kiss, and heard his kind good-night.

Still she did not abandon herself to despair. He might return. Kneeling by the vacant couch, she poured forth a mother's hopes and fears in prayer.

The clock had just struck two when George made his appearance, so completely under the influence of the intoxicating draught, which takes the reason prisoner, leaves manhood a wreck, and mind a blank, that he could only reel into a chair, where he sat gazing vacantly, first at the fire, and then at the woman whose happiness he had destroyed.

Rachel tried to speak to him, but the words faded on her lips, and she felt a sickening sensation approaching to disgust, creeping over her, as she contemplated the ruin dissipation had worked in his once manly form and intellectual features.

It is a dangerous moment when such feelings rise in the heart of a wife: love, and that which is even more lasting than love, respect, hang trembling in the balance—a feather light as the down from the unfledged cygnet's wing, may turn the scale, inclining it to hate.

"What a difference!" she mentally exclaimed; "is this the promise for which I quitted a happy home, risked a father's anger and the loss of friends, the world's respect—all but my own esteem?"

Then the recollection that her parent's harshness had been one, if not the leading, influence in the change she so deeply felt, awakened kindlier feelings, and she sighed as she pronounced his name—

"Poor George!"

The drunkard was breathing heavily. Rachel could not attempt to assist him to his bed, the task was beyond her strength; but with womanly kindness she untied the handkerchief which on quitting the public house he had knotted closely round his neck, placed it on a chair, and listened till his breath came freely.

Her husband looked up in her face and tried to smile; consciousness was struggling with the fiend which had subdued it; the effort lasted but for an instant; his features relaxed into their vacant stare again.

The mother's engrossing thoughts were of her boy. The idea of his wandering in the streets at such an hour, exposed not only to the bitter cold, but to dangers to which the pitiless frost, the piercing wind, the tempest's flash, were mercies, wrung her heart with agony, and she continued to pace the narrow limits of her house, listening at every step, hoping and trusting, to resume her wearying walk again with increased disappointment. More than once she felt tempted to seek for him herself. It was not the terrors of the night or the inclemency of the season which prevented her, but the utter ignorance of where to look for him.

Rachel had no friends to whom she could apply, and was without the means to employ assistance; and so she remained, counting the weary hours and minutes, hoping, trusting, and praying until daybreak.

It was a sad fate for the once happy girl, who had been the light of her father's house, the admiration of encircling friends. Where was that father? He had abandoned her. Where were the friends? all gone; left in the hour of trial. True to the world's instincts, they had disappeared like shadows which are only seen in sunshine.

When we say all, there was one exception: the old clerk, Peter Mangles, had neither forgotten nor abandoned her. He had heard of her visit to Blackheath on his return home, and greatly regretted his absence, for he felt assured that nothing but unusual distress, some sudden and severe calamity, could have brought Rachel from her home on such a day to see him.

Much to the annoyance of his housekeeper, whose ways were as methodical as his own, the old man insisted on having breakfast an hour earlier than usual; and having despatched it, instead of waiting for the omnibus to ride into town, as he had done every day for the last thirty years, he actually sent for a cab.

To the remonstrance of the well-meaning woman, who observed that it was a piece of extravagance, he drily replied that he could afford it, and drove off, leaving her overwhelmed with astonishment, and not a little tormented by curiosity.

Suddenly the suspicion struck her that Peter Mangles was going to be married. A thousand little circumstances convinced her that such was the case. He had never breakfasted so early before, never engaged a cab to take him to town; and visions of a mistress, whom it might be difficult, if not impossible to please, calculations on the chances of retaining or losing her place, floated through the brain of Mrs. Lawrence, who could not help thinking that if her master wanted a wife, he need not have gone to London to look for one.

The hour's start which Peter Mangles had gained by this arrangement, enabled him to call at the Belvedere-road, and still be at his usual hour in the city—a point he had never neglected in the memory of the oldest porter in the establishment—in fact, so regular was he, that the clerks would sooner have believed St. Paul's clock to be wrong than the cashier behind his time.

As the vehicle drove rapidly along the road, little did the old man, whose heart was filled with thoughts of charity and kindness, imagine the scene of woe—the utter desolation he was about to witness in the house of her he had known and loved as a child.

CHAPTER IV.

Although the iron tongue of night had all but told the birth of morning, our readers will please to recollect that New Year's eve is not quite over yet. We must also request them to quit London for awhile, as many are only too happy to do at this festive season, and accompany us to a quite out-of-the-way village in Devonshire, named St. Faith's, lying at a considerable distance from the high road, somewhere between Tiverton and Exeter.

St. Faith's consists of one irregular street, if, indeed, it may be called a street, seeing that the houses are surrounded by large gardens, or orchards, and all built in a line, running parallel with the lofty wall of Meldown Park.

Owing to the industry and simple habits of the people, there is but little appearance of poverty in the place.

Sir Norman Boothroyd, the present owner of Meldown, and of most of the land in the neighborhood, inherited the title and estate from his uncle, an eccentric old bachelor, who previous to his death granted long and very advantageous leases, not only to the principal tenants, but to the poorest cotters on the property, an act of liberality very much to the dissatisfaction of his heir, who disapproved of the spirit of independence which the tenantry naturally felt.

Shortly after his accession to the title, Sir Norman bestowed his hand, together with his pride and vanity, upon a woman every way suited to him, for the lady not only echoed his prejudices, but kept them alive, especially those against his absent brother, Allan, by every argument an evil mind could suggest.

The only issue of this well-assorted union was a daughter, now ten years old. Sir Norman and his lady would have given worlds for a son; but that blessing was denied them, and little Alice was destined to be the heiress of their vast wealth. How frequently do we see certain qualities, mental as well as personal, disappear for several generations in a race, and then shoot forth again. They did so in the present instance, for never was child more unlike its parents. Alice was not only good, but beautiful: the lessons of pride and selfishness, daily inculcated, made no impression upon her pure and innocent heart; it was incapable of receiving them. To her mother's great annoyance, when riding with her through the village, she would smile and look kindly on the children of her own age, when they paused in their play, and curtsied as the stately equipage dashed by them; not that the heiress purposely disobeyed her parent; the smiles broke forth in spite of her efforts to repress them, and were as spontaneous as the warmth of spring, or the perfume of its opening flowers.

About three years before the commencement of our story, Mr. Thornton, a wealthy manufacturer from Exeter, had purchased an estate not more than five miles distant from Meldown Park, called "The Elms," and came to reside on it with his family.

For some time the baronet stood aloof, and declined making the acquaintance of his new neighbor; the blood of the descendant of the herald books alone can tell how many Boothroyds—for we have not time to sift the cinders of all Sir Norman's ancestors—revolted at the idea of contact with a man who had risen to fortune by his own unassisted energy and industry. The noble stream was too completely frozen by pride for such considerations to draw it, although others of a less honorable character ultimately did. Mr. Thornton was put on the commission of the peace, and proved not only an active, but a judicious magistrate; for while he followed the law, and convicted in every clear case of poaching, he invariably refused to inflict more than a nominal fine for shooting the rabbits on the common. He considered the exclusive rights claimed by the lord of the manor as exceedingly doubtful; and in answer to his remonstrances on the subject of his *absurd lenity*, advised him to try the question.

Sir Norman Boothroyd knew better. He persuaded himself it would be much easier to flatter and cajole the upright magistrate by condescending to invite him to Meldown Park. He was deceived. Mr. Thornton accepted his attentions, and returned them, as a matter of course; but they had no influence upon his conduct on the bench: that was as impartial as ever.

As our readers may suppose, no great cordiality could exist between two such opposite characters. The baronet still continued to invite his plebeian neighbor, because it would have been an acknowledgment of his mortification and laid bare his motives, had he ceased to do so without some ostensible cause; but he had long since given up the hope of converting the independent, right-thinking man to his opinions.

Half a dozen persons were seated in the drawing-room at Meldown, without counting the son of Mr. Thornton, a fine spirited boy of thirteen, or the daughter of the owner of the mansion. The party consisted of Sir Norman and his lady; Dr. Poundtext the rector, a high churchman, and his wife; a wealthy, well-meaning, but ignorant squire, known throughout the shire by the name of Sporting Blundell; and the proprietor of "The Elms." The usual topics of conversation in the country were exhausted. The clergyman was eloquent, as usual, on the growing immorality of his parishioners, not that we believe they were more so than their neighbors; the baronet had ridden his favorite hobby-horse, poaching, till it was tired out; and Lady Boothroyd echoed his sentiments till she had nothing more to say.

As for the squire, he never started a subject for small talk, but invariably coincided with the last speaker, a peculiarity which, despite his prejudices on the game laws, may account for his frequently coinciding with his brother magistrate, Mr. Thornton, in his decisions.

"New Year's day," observed Mrs. Poundtext; "no doubt but there will be the usual scenes of noise and dissipation, the bonfire, and ringing of bells."

"I have forbidden the bonfire," said Sir Norman, pompously.

"And my husband forbade the ringing of the bells," added the lady angrily; "the church is so near the rectory there is no sleeping for them; but that wretched man, farmer Minter, whom the parish elected churchwarden, insisted upon it as a right, and threatened to appeal to the bishop."

"Shocking!" said the baronet.

"Very shocking, indeed!" echoed Lady Boothroyd.

"And ungrateful," continued Mrs. Poundtext; "for the rector actually received him in the library, and asked him to sit down whilst he explained his objections."

"I trust, my love," said her husband, mildly, "that I shall always act with Christian humility and charity, even to the most ignorant and worthless of my fellow creatures."

"But Minter is neither ignorant nor worthless," observed Mr. Thornton, somewhat warmly; "on the contrary, I have found him a man of sound, practical sense, and unquestionable integrity."

"How can you express such very erroneous opinions?" exclaimed his host. "The fellow is a poacher! I really wonder that you do not identify yourself more with the feelings and ideas becoming the position you have *acquired.* Extraordinary—very extraordinary!"

"Most extraordinary!" said her ladyship.

"Well, I think it be extraordinary," observed Squire Blundell, who, as we stated before, generally agreed with the last speaker.

"Perhaps it is because I have *acquired* it that I do not presume upon it," replied the gentleman, seriously, for he perfectly understood the covert sneer.

"Had you *inherited* your estate from your forefathers, you would think differently," added his host, pertinaciously following up the attack.

"Very differently, indeed," repeated his echo.

"Perhaps I should, Sir Norman," answered Mr. Thornton, beginning to feel slightly nettled at the coarseness of his remarks; "but I purchased it with the fruits of my honest industry—the labor of my hands and head. Meldown, I am aware, was conferred upon your ancestors, in an age of barbarism and bloodshed, for military service. My property has been acquired by very different ones. The brain," he added, emphatically, "is as honorable a title as the sword; both may be estimable in their way." Then, looking at his watch, he observed that it was late, and requested his son to ring for his carriage.

Sir Norman Boothroyd rung the bell himself.

"What, papa! are you going so soon?" demanded William.

"It is time," answered his father, seriously.

"New-Year's eve, too!" added the boy.

"O, do stay!" exclaimed little Alice, darting from the table, where she had been playing at some childish game with her young companion, and catching hold of Mr. Thornton's hand. "I have not won once yet," she added, poutingly; "William has beaten me every time."

"Very ungallant of him, indeed," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

In a few minutes the carriage was announced—a cold farewell taken of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his lady—a less formal one of the rector and his wife, who, with all their prejudices and peculiarities, were really very excellent people in their way—and an exceedingly cordial one of Squire Blundell, who seemed perfectly unconscious that anything unpleasant had taken place.

In a short time the rest of the guests took their leave, and Sir Norman and his wife were left alone.

By most persons the mistress of Meldown Park was looked upon as a poor, spiritless creature, a mere nonentity in her family. They did not know her; few really did.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the snow lying crisply on the ground, when Mr. Thornton and his son drove through the village of St. Faith's, on their return to "The Elms." As his father did not seemed inclined for conversation, William amused himself by looking through the window of the carriage, and noticing every object as they passed it on the road.

Hitherto, he had seen but little to attract his attention. One or two sturdy-looking yeomen, and several laborers, the former well wrapped up in comfortable greatcoats, the latter in smock-frocks, hastening to the only inn in the place, to drink prosperity to the coming year; and a group of young men who were singing in front of the house of Farmer Minter.

"They must be very fond of music," thought the boy, "to stand singing there on a cold, frosty night like this. How very absurd!"

He forgot that the farmer had three pretty daughters! Had he recollected that, and been a year or two older, the probability is, he would have come to a different conclusion.

"There goes Old Simon!" he exclaimed aloud, as they passed a small but neat cottage. "It must be nearly twelve o'clock, papa."

The person thus familiarly designated, is too important a personage not to merit a particular introduction to our readers.

Simon Gee, or, as every one familiarly called him, Old Simon, was the only hand-loom weaver and principal bell-ringer in the village. The first was his calling, the means whereby he lived, and being not only an expert artizan, but an exceedingly honest man, he naturally stood high in the confidence of the farmers' wives, whose home-spun thread he converted into good, strong household cloth, for none of the inhabitants, unless those at the hall or rectory, ever thought of purchasing linen; such an extravagance was unheard of at

St. Faith's. The second was his hobby, the engrossing pleasure of his life, his relaxation from toil; never did he feel so happy or important as in the belfry, with his brother ringers, ready to commence a triple bob-major, the honest execution of which he looked upon as a sort of moral duty, a thing too serious to be trifled with.

Simon Gee entertained a kind of hereditary respect for his better half. She was the daughter of the tenor bell—the man to whose rope he had succeeded—and they lived very happily together; in fact, he had never known but one great sorrow, occasioned by the wild conduct of a younger brother, whom he had reared. Barney Gee detested bell-ringing and weaving; but, to make amends, had a decided taste for poaching, a weakness which had frequently brought him in contact not only with the keepers of Sir Norman Boothroyd, but with the judicial bench. Many a fine had Simon paid for him out of his hard earnings, and, in all probability, would have continued to pay, for he loved the scapegrace dearly, had not a threat of prosecution from the baronet compelled the offender to compromise it by consenting to enlist in a regiment bound for India.

It was years since he had heard of him.

On the eve of all the great festivals of the year, Simon was the first to repair to the belfry and see that everything was in readiness for his brother ringers; it was a labor of love to him, and his peculiarity in this respect was so well known, that it explains William Thornton's exclamation, when he recognized him, of,

"There goes Old Simon. It must be nearly twelve o'clock."

Having lit the candles in the iron sconces fixed to the walls of the belfry, and seen the ropes all in order, Simon descended from the tower of the church—a building in the early Tudor style, erected before the excess of ornamentation had disfigured the chaste severity of its proportions. The old man seated himself upon a stone near the entrance of the edifice, to await the arrival of his companions. Once or twice he regarded his watch, and cast anxious looks towards the village; it was nearly time they made their appearance. Evidently he felt uneasy. Carter, the big bell, had a decided weakness for ale—this gave him serious misgivings; the others he knew he might rely upon.

"His hand will be unsteady," he thought, "even if he comes in time." That any one could think of ale with such a serious duty as the one before them to perform, was more than he could comprehend.

"Here comes the first one," he exclaimed, joyously, as he descried the tall figure of a man walking rapidly up the path leading to the churchyard. "No," he added, after a pause, "he wears a cloak, and no one but the rector or Sir Norman has such a thing in St. Faith's."

Presently the stranger shouted out his name.

"Who can it be?" muttered Simon.

The cry was repeated.

"Here!" answered the bell-ringer.

The person who had called to him marched with a military step through the churchyard, his figure so completely enveloped in the cloak that it was impossible to recognize him by that. He wore heavy moustaches and beard; the rest of his features were partially hid by a foraging cap.

For several moments these two persons, so widely different in appearance, regarded each other in silence. The bell-ringer was the first to speak.

"Were you seeking me?" he demanded, with surprise.

"Whom else should I seek?" replied the stranger, joyously.

The sound of his voice caused Simon to tremble, as if it had awakened some long mute echo in his heart; he peered at him earnestly from under the peak of his cap, but the features seemed totally unknown to him.

"What a fool I am," he muttered; "always fancying strange things."

"Is there anything strange," said the man in the cloak, "that the absent should return?"

"It can't be," exclaimed the old man, in the tone of one who felt bewildered between the conflicting evidence of his eyes and ears: "and yet I can almost swear to the voice."

"And whose voice do you take it for?"

"My brother's."

"Right!"

"Barny!" almost shrieked the weaver, at the same time opening his arms and tottering, rather than walking, towards him.

The soldier pronounced the name of Simon, and the long-separated brothers folded each other in a cordial embrace.

"It's New Year's Eve," added the wanderer, "and I knew that I should find you here."

"Yes, yes," murmured Simon, "sure to be here; but bless me," he continued, startled by a plaintive cry which came from beneath the large military cloak worn by his brother; "what have you got there?"

Barny Gee threw back the folds of his garment, and discovered an infant, about seven years old, whom he had held all the while their conversation had lasted, closely covered up and guarded from the night air. It was a girl.

He said something to it in Hindostanee, and the helpless little creature looked up in his face and smiled.

"Why, I declare it is a child!" exclaimed Simon.

"You didn't suppose it was a tiger, did you?" demanded his brother.

"Pretty creature! pretty creature!" continued the bell-ringer, without heeding the question; "but what are you going to do with it?"

"What do you mean by *do with it?*"

"Where did you get it? Find it?"

"Find it!" repeated Barny, with a hearty laugh at his brother's simplicity; "do you imagine that babies spring up like mushrooms after a night's rain? But you don't understand these things," he added; "how should you—an old bachelor?"

"But I am not an old bachelor," interrupted Simon, with great dignity. "I have been married these six years to Hester Crotchett. It still wants ten minutes to twelve. Give me the baby. I'll take it to Hester, and tell her you are coming. Wait here, and when the ringers arrive, say I shall be back directly."

"If that's all, I'll put the clock back," replied Barny, as Simon quitted the spot.

The speaker drew from a pocket contrived in the lining of his vest a small packet, which he contemplated with an air of satisfaction for several seconds, and was about to return it, when some idea suddenly struck him.

"It will be safer there," he muttered, "safer there."

With these enigmatical words, he entered the belfry, a place he was evidently well acquainted with, and put back the hands of the clock.

As he descended he heard the voices of the ringers calling for his brother; they had arrived during his absence, and were evidently much astonished at not finding him at his post.

"Simon will be back in an instant," he said.

Several of the men stared at him, wondering what a stranger had been doing in the tower, and still more at the non-appearance of the tenor bell, or "Old Punctuality," as they facetiously called him.

"Why, it is just on the stroke of twelve," observed one of the men.

"No, it wants nine minutes, at least," replied the soldier, with difficulty repressing a laugh at the trick he had served them.

Watches were looked at and compared. The ringers could not make it out.

"Nine minutes!" repeated the base; "we might have stayed another pot."

"That you might, Peter," observed the stranger.

Astonished at hearing himself addressed by name, the man walked up to him, and peered curiously into his face.

"It's Barny!" he exclaimed, with a joyous shout of recognition; "Barny Gee himself!"

"His own self," said the long absent man.

There was a general shaking of hands; questions were asked and answers given, but in so hurried and confused a manner, that had not the speakers been well acquainted with the persons and habits of those they were speaking of, they must have been mutually unintelligible.

"And Stephen?" asked the soldier.

"Sir Norman drove him from this part of the country for poaching. Black Dan enlisted, Mary married her cousin, and Jack Squires took service with Lord Tranmore."

"Willie of the Hutch?"

"I saw him just now," answered one of his informants, "with the rest of the boys, walking towards the common; they had their guns."

"And dogs," added a second.

The words dogs and guns seemed to excite some not unpleasant recollections in the mind of Barny Gee, for he declared his intention of joining his old comrades, whom he soon found.

The first greeting and recognition over, the conversation naturally turned upon the projected expedition to the common, and the lord of the manor.

"He is as tyrannical as ever," observed one.

"A purse-proud fool," added a second.

"But he shan't deprive us of our rights!" exclaimed several. "We have an honest magistrate and a good man settled in the neighborhood since you were here—Mr. Thornton; he never inflicts more than a few shillings by way of fine when we are caught. He says openly that Sir Norman ought to prove his right."

"I wish he had been here when I was taken," answered the returned soldier; "it would have saved me many a day's march under the burning sun in India; many a heart-ache," he added, with a sigh, "when I thought of home and the friends I never expected to see again."

By this time they had reached the skirts of the common. Of course, no one thought at that moment of venturing into the well-guarded park, and for some time the party kept to their resolution. Unfortunately, a pheasant crossed the path of one of them; a shot was fired, and the bird fell.

This occurred close to a part of the estate called the Hutch, where the preserves were separated from the common only by a deep dry ditch, in which a posse of keepers were lying concealed, with Sir Norman Boothroyd at their head.

He sprang forward, and called upon them to give up their guns.

"Come and take them," shouted several of the young men.

"Loose the dogs!" exclaimed the baronet.

Two noble bloodhounds were released by those who held them in leash. As they advanced with their deep, loud baying, the poachers fired a general volley. Considering the ferocity of their assailants, it was a matter of self-preservation.

Unfortunately, not only the dogs, but one of the keepers fell.

Maddened by the sight of the dying animals and their wounded companion, conscious, also, that now they had the law upon their side, the keepers returned the fire, which added another victim to the list.

Barny Gee lay stretched upon the heath, never to rise again. The rest of his party fled.

"I wonder who it is?" said Parker, one of Sir Norman's keepers, advancing towards Barny, from whose side the life-stream was ebbing fast; "don't know the face; and yet I think I must have seen it before."

"You have indeed, both of you," observed a voice near them.

Sir Norman started, and half-raised his gun.

"Be under no alarm; you know me too well to suppose me capable either of violence or of poaching."

"Ah, Minter, is it you?" answered the lord of the manor. "Sad affair! But you see what the obstinate conduct of my misguided tenantry has ended in. One of my keepers, Springthorp, murdered, and this fellow shot!"

"I should rather say they were both murdered," replied farmer Minter.

"But you hinted that I knew the poaching rascal," added the baronet.

"As well as I do."

"And his name?"

"In an instant, Sir Norman—in an instant. He was a happy, light-hearted boy when you first came to settle amongst us, with your new-fangled notions about your rights on the common. You took a particular dislike to him; hunted him up for every offence; and, to rid yourself of him, got up a case—which he could not meet, or you prove—of poaching against him. So he enlisted and went abroad, to avoid all further persecution, and only returned to St. Faith's this very night."

"Barny Gee!" ejaculated the keeper and his master.

"I told you that you both knew him," added the farmer, in a tone of indignation. "But you have finished your task. It's all over with him, poor fellow! And New Year's eve, too!—It will be long remembered."

The farmer knelt down, and supported him on his knee.

"Simon! Simon!" he murmured, faintly.

"He is thinking of his brother," observed Minter.

"*The owl's nest!*" he added, and fell back.

"What does he say?" demanded the baronet.

The keeper offered his hand to Barny, who had just sufficient strength to touch it, to show that he bore him no ill-feeling.

"Thank heaven!" said the man, "I wouldn't like a dog to die at enmity with me, if I thought I had given it reason."

"You grow quite sentimental, Parker," observed Sir Norman Boothroyd, with a sneer. "I dare say the fellow is a deserter. The shot has only spared him the lash."

On hearing this brutal supposition, pride gave the insulted soldier strength; he started to his feet, and, drawing from his bosom his discharge, which was deeply stained with blood, shook it in the face of the speaker, then fell back with a groan, and expired.

Cries were heard, and a crowd seen approaching the spot from the other side of the common. The baronet, whose principal virtue most certainly was not courage, seeing that he had no longer his band of keepers to protect him, gradually beat a retreat; and it was well perhaps that he did so, or in the heat of passion and contempt for his heartless conduct, another ill deed might have been committed.

The first of the crowd to approach the spot was the bell-ringer. He had heard of the fatal affray just as he was leaving the church after the bell-ringing. The old man knelt down, and kissed the corpse as tenderly as if it had been a sleeping infant.

"It is a hard blow," he murmured; "but His will be done! Poor brother! To live only to see his native village; and then to—to—rest for ever in the churchyard!"

Tears choked his utterance. He could add no more.

"What will become of Barny's child?" observed one of the bell-ringers, whom Simon had informed of the fact of his bringing one all the way from India with him.

"We will all help it!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Thank you!" faltered the bereaved brother, rising from his knees, "but that is my duty. It shall drink of my cup and eat of my bread. The means, it is true, are scanty," he added; "but Heaven will bless them."

A deep "Amen!" broke from the lips of those who heard him.

CHAPTER V.

Never in the memory of that greatly talked-of personage, the oldest inhabitant of the place, had so much excitement been witnessed in St. Faith's, or such general horror felt, as at the death of the keeper, and the unlucky soldier slain within an hour after his return to his native village; slain with the words "welcome home!" ringing in his ears, the grasp of friendship warm upon his hand. It is true there had frequently been disturbances before; rough contests with the game-keepers, blows exchanged, and shots on one occasion fired; but this time the contest had ended in death, through the obstinacy and pride of one wrong-headed man.

Horror and excitement were not the only feelings publicly expressed. Deep sympathy with poor old Simon—for the helpless child thus cast upon his bounty, and strong indignation against the lord of the manor for the part he had taken in the affray, were mingled with them; and justly so, for the exclusive right of Sir Norman Boothroyd to the sporting over the common were questionable, to say the least of them, and yet two lives had been sacrificed, two humble homes made desolate.

If the name of the baronet had previously been unpopular in the neighborhood, it was now execrated; a public meeting was called, the first time such a thing had ever been attempted in St. Faith's, and subscriptions entered into by the tenantry, in order to try the long-disputed question between themselves and their overbearing landlord, who heard of their intentions with ill-concealed rage and mortification, for he had long since taken legal opinions on the subject himself, and they had been unfavorable.

Whilst the agitation of the rustic population of St. Faith's was at its hight, the coroner arrived to hold his inquest on the bodies. Several country magistrates also attended, and among others, Mr. Thornton and Squire Blundell. As the former gentleman drove up to the village inn, he was loudly cheered by the crowd of farmers and others gathered in front of the house.

"Sad affair," he said, addressing those nearest to him, as he alighted, "very sad!"

"We'll have our rights!" exclaimed the crowd; "we are sure to have justice now you are come: you have always been the poor man's friend."

"And shall continue so," replied the gentleman, "as long as he respects the laws; let me entreat," he added, "that there may be no disturbance. Do not give your enemies, if you have any, such an advantage over you."

With this caution he passed on.

Far different was the reception Sir Norman Boothroyd experienced. No sooner was his carriage seen to emerge from the park gates, than a succession of groans and yells saluted him. His first impulse was to return to the hall; but pride, the dread of encountering the sneers of his wife, restrained him from it, and he passed through the crowd pale as death, expecting every moment that violence would be offered. It was not till he found himself in the club-room, where the inquest was to be held, that he recovered from his fears. To Mr. Thornton he bowed stiffly, but extended his hand to his brother magistrate, who touched it slightly, for although a keen sportsman himself, he had always disapproved of the dogged tenacity with which his neighbor held out for his manorial rights on the common.

Squire Blundell never looked upon rabbits as game; in fact, he had a profound contempt for rabbits.

As our readers may naturally suppose, not one of the party so fatally compromised in the affray presented themselves as witnesses, for fear of compromising themselves, and Sir Norman had taken care they should not be summoned. The consequence was that his testimony and that of the keepers was the only evidence heard. More than one lip curled in scorn when the baronet swore that the poachers fired first upon his party, before the volley was returned which caused the death of Barny Gee, and several not very complimentary murmurs were heard in the crowd which occupied the lower end of the room, manifestations which the coroner soon quieted.

The last witness examined was Dr. Phrase, an exceedingly pompous little fat man, famous for his verbosity, who had considerately consented, for the last thirty years, to hide the light of his genius in the obscure village of St. Faith's.

As there were no more witnesses to be heard, the coroner proceeded to sum up, which he did clearly and dispassionately, pointing out that it had been distinctly proved by the evidence of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his servants, that the poachers had fired first; that the deceased was engaged in his lawful occupation or calling at the time he received the injury which had caused his death; and concluded by calling on the jury to dismiss from their minds any personal feelings or prejudices they might entertain, and return a verdict according to the evidence they had heard.

Those whom he addressed were conscientious men, to whom an oath was a solemn thing. After an hour's deliberation, a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown," was pronounced, amid the breathless silence of the court. Many a heart beat wildly as the hearers heard it, but not one who could have contradicted the evidence of the baronet and the keepers stepped forward from the crowd.

Murder! it was like the sword of Damocles suspended over the head of each one of the party.

In describing the cause of the death of Barny Gee, Doctor Phrase had to be less technical. The charge, which consisted entirely of swan shot, had lodged in the poor fellow's lungs, hence the suffocation from hemorrhage before he could make his last wishes known to farmer Minter.

The feeling of sympathy was both general and deep when Simon gave his evidence—described the unexpected return of his brother; the joy of their meeting; his hastening to the cottage with the child; his return to join the ringers in the belfry; and Barny's quitting him to seek his former companions on the common.

"Do you know the names of those companions?" inquired the coroner.

"I know nothing," answered the old man, wiping away a tear, "but that I have lost my only brother. He could have had nothing to do with the poachers," he added—"if they were poachers—for he was unarmed."

"Can you swear to that?" demanded Sir Norman's lawyer.

"I can swear that he was when he left me," replied the bell-ringer.

One of the jurors inquired if any powder or shot had been found upon the body. The constables produced all that had been discovered, a silver watch and seven pounds.

"And this discharge," added Simon, handing the blood-stained parchment to one of the officers. "I should like it to be read in court. It's a poor satisfaction—but still it is one; Barny was no deserter."

The document attesting the honorable character of the deceased, was handed first to the jury and to the coroner, who passed it to the magistrate. Mr. Thornton was the last to read it, which he did aloud. Just as he was about to return it, he discovered some writing, nearly obliterated by the recent stains; but, by holding it at a certain distance, he was enabled to make it out.

"This is singular!" he exclaimed.

There was a general movement of surprise.

"'The bearer, Barny Gee, served under me in the Punjaub Horse, and twice saved my life. Knowing no other means of showing my gratitude, I write this certificate in the hope that it may one day be useful to him.

(Signed) "'Lieutenant BOOTHROYD.'"

The countenance of the baronet became deadly pale. It was the signature of his younger brother.

The half-subdued murmurs of execration which fell upon his ear, told him how deep was the disgust his conduct had inspired.

"I believe it to be an impudent forgery!" he exclaimed.

"That be easily proved, Sir Norman," said Squire Blundell; "there be old Blackmore, who taught ye both to write."

The parchment was handed to the village schoolmaster, who, after a careful examination, declared himself ready to make oath that it was the handwriting of his former pupil, Walter Boothroyd.

Again the coroner summed up, but far more elaborately than he had done before, for the case had assumed an appearance likely to attract public attention. The jury retired, and after an hour's absence, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Sir Norman Boothroyd and the keepers.

It was received with a tremendous cheer by the crowd of farmers and yeomen who filled the room.

"I can't receive it, gentlemen," said the officer, as soon as he could obtain silence. "There is not a tittle of evidence to justify it; not a magistrate in the county would act upon it. Sir Norman and his servants were legally in the right; they fired in self-defence. The deceased, even if unarmed, was aiding and abetting others in the performance of an illegal act."

"If Springthorp wor murdered," replied the foreman, "so wor poor Barny."

"Nothing of the kind, I tell you," repeated the coroner. "You must reconsider your verdict."

The jury once more retired, and after a still longer absence, consented that their finding should be an open one—"That the deceased was found shot, but upon what circumstances there was not sufficient evidence before them to judge of."

As to a verdict of justifiable homicide, they firmly refused to pronounce it.

This still left the death of Barny an open question.

Great was the excitement and dissatisfaction amongst the crowd. In the midst of it Sir Norman wisely stole away, and had regained his carriage before his departure was noticed by his tenantry. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he experienced regret, such regret as the heartless and egotistical feel who have compromised their own dear safety; nor was it till he had held a long consultation with his lawyer that he recovered anything like his usual composure.

Lady Boothroyd was the person who felt most annoyed, although, true to the part she had accepted, she echoed her husband's feelings and opinions in the presence of his legal adviser; but when alone with him, she freely expressed her real sentiments on his egregious folly, as she unhesitatingly pronounced it, in sacrificing the proper influence he ought to possess over his tenantry for a shadow.

Lady Boothroyd was one of those persons, as our readers begin to be aware, who, having once made up their minds upon any subject, never suffer their decision to remain a dead letter, but proceed to act upon it at at once. A groom was instantly despatched to the home farm to request the attendance of Andrew Silex, the steward, an exceedingly infirm and aged man, whom Sir Norman, to the great surprise of all who knew him, still continued in the management of his estate. Some thought it was out of consideration for his long service; others knew not what to think.

Having given her orders to her messenger, the mistress of Meldown Park sat down quietly to consider her plans, in which pleasing occupation we must leave her for awhile, and return to poor Simon and his orphan niece.

The cottage of the bell-ringer had scarcely been free a single instant the entire day from the well-meant visits of sympathising friends. Many a rough but honest hand had been pressed to his, and offers of assistance made; but the old man gratefully declined them all: not from pride—for he was one of the humblest, as well as simplest creatures upon God's earth—but affection. He would bury poor Barny, he said, himself: it was the last proof of love he could ever show him, and no one should share it with him, or assist in the task of protecting his orphan child.

His better-half, Hester—who was one of the most prudent and notable wives in St. Faith's—approved of his resolution. Having no children of her own, the kind-hearted woman had taken a sudden affection for the helpless creature thus unexpectedly thrown upon her care. It was something for her to love; and most of us know what that means.

One circumstance embarrassed the worthy couple: Lillian spoke but very little English, and neither the weaver nor his wife understood a word of Hindostanee.

The inmates of the cottage were seated by the fire; Simon, with his niece upon his knee on one side of the tea-table, and Hester on the other, when a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," cried the bell-ringer.

The latch was raised, and the steward shuffled into the room.

"Ah, Mr. Silex, is that you?" exclaimed Simon, in a tone of surprise; "what brings you here?"

"I come to condole with you, my good friend," replied the visitor, unceremoniously drawing a chair and taking a seat near the fire. "You really seem very comfortable here," he added, looking round the neatly furnished room. "But, no wonder, the rent you pay is merely nominal."

"No thanks to your master," observed Hester, tartly.

"You are quite right there," said the old man. "Bless me," he added, fixing his eyes upon Lillian, "is that poor Barny's child?"

"It is, indeed," answered the weaver, kissing her.

The steward regarded her long and earnestly; then he broke into a low but lengthened chuckle.

"She is very pretty," he said.

"That she is," answered the gratified aunt.

"And good," added Simon.

"Do you think her much like your brother?"

"I suppose she resembles his wife," said the bell-ringer, "for I can't trace the slightest resemblance to her father."

Andrew Silex smiled.

"Not that I shall love her the less on that account."

"Of course not."

Hester, who began to get tired of being catechised, gave her visitor a broad hint, that both herself and her husband were in deep affliction, and did not care for company.

"Of course you do not," replied the old man, without displaying the slightest feeling of anger; a proof of what excellent discipline, both moral and physical, his mind and features were under. "But I came on business."

"Business with us!"

"Yes. Sir Norman, who is not so bad, that is, not *quite* so bad as you imagine him, is deeply distressed at the melancholy death of your brother, and has directed me to inform you that he intends to pay all the funeral expenses himself."

"He won't," answered Simon, greatly agitated.

"But I tell you that he does," said the steward.

"And I tell you that he *shan't!*" exclaimed Hester Gee; "not if my husband has to ply the shuttle from morning till night, and I sell the last gown from my back; not that there is the least fear of that. Why, what is the man staring at?" she added.

"You refuse!"

"Refuse!" repeated the mistress of the cottage, indignantly. "Now don't you put yourself out of the way, Simon. Leave me to talk to him. Refuse with scorn! We have refused the help of those whom it would have been no shame to have been beholden to—kind friends and neighbors, people with hearts of flesh and blood, and warm Christian feelings in them. Refused it because we wished to show our love to poor Barny by putting him in the grave at our own expense; and do you imagine we are going to accept a penny from his murderer?"

"Murder is a very serious word, Mrs. Gee—a very serious word," observed her visitor: "it was no murder."

"God will call it so," said the bell-ringer, solemnly, "for the blood of poor and rich, gentle and simple, is equal in His eyes. I'd rather be like poor Barny there," he added, pointing to the inner room, where the body had been placed, "than change places with Sir Norman Boothroyd."

"You are wrong, my good friend—believe me, you are wrong," replied Andrew Silex. "The baronet may not be what *we* should consider a good man—in fact, between ourselves, I don't mind saying that I look upon him rather as a bad one—but he is incapable of the crime you name. I know him well: *he wouldn't have the pluck to do it.* Her ladyship is very much distressed at what has occurred; and I have no doubt but she will do something handsome—very handsome, for the child, especially when she sees what a pretty, interesting little creature it is: send her to school, perhaps, or take her entirely off your hands," he added.

"I know it's not my lady's fault," said Hester. "Every one is aware that she has not a will of her own."

Here the messenger of Lady Boothroyd gave a short dry cough to hide his inclination to indulge in one of his usual chuckles.

"But I couldn't part with Lillian," continued the speaker, "even to her. We can work for her; can't we Simon?"

"That we can," replied the weaver, approvingly.

"You refuse all assistance, then?" demanded the steward.

"All."

"Both for the expenses of the funeral and for the child?"

"Both for the expenses of the funeral and the child," repeated husband and wife.

"If you should repent it, you know where to find me," observed the old man, rising to take his leave.

"We shan't repent it."

"I only said 'if.' Servants, you know, are obliged to execute the orders of their master. Of course, you cannot bear me any ill-will for what has taken place?"

"None in the least," observed Simon Gee, extending his hand with honest frankness towards his visitor, who grasped it most affectionately in his long bony claws, and wished him good night.

As he shuffled out of the cottage, he cast another long and searching glance upon Lillian, as if he wished to impress every feature of her innocent face upon his memory.

Although the hour was getting late, Andrew Silex, instead of returning to the home farm, walked to the Hall, and had a long and private interview with Lady Boothroyd, to whom he related the result of his visit.

"Insolent!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of vexation. "It is not often that I condescend to conciliation. I shall take no further means to serve them."

"Yes, you will," said the steward.

"Speak plainly, man—I detest enigmas," replied the mistress of Meldown Park. "What mean you?"

"You have not seen the child yet."

"What child?" demanded the haughty woman, impatiently.

"The dead soldier's—Barny Gee's. He brought it with him from India. Poor little thing!" he continued, "it is an orphan now; so young—so interesting!"

The hypocritical tone, and affected interest of the speaker for the orphan, did not deceive his hearer. But all her endeavors to draw any further explanation from him were useless. The only reply the old man made to her numerous questions was—

"See her yourself; *you ought to see her.*"

So singular were his words, and still more the look that accompanied them, they produced the effect he intended—of exciting the curiosity of the mistress of Meldown Park; and she resolved to visit the cottage immediately after the funeral of Barny Gee.

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile we doubt not but our readers feel somewhat impatient to learn what had become of the hero of our tale. As the feeling is too natural to be longer trifled with, we shall at once proceed to inform them.

As the cab, into which he had been partly persuaded and partly forced to enter, drove rapidly through the streets, Richard soon ceased to recognise the direction in which they were going, it being evidently a part of the town he was unacquainted with. Several times he thought of calling for assistance, or attempting to escape; but the searching gray eyes of his companion, who watched his every movement, restrained him; and yet there was nothing unkind either in his looks or words; at times he even fancied he could detect glances of kindness and compassion from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Where are you taking me to, sir?" he at last demanded. "Oh, this will cause my mother to die with grief."

"I am acting for your good," replied the gentleman, mildly. "The line of duty is not always the most pleasant one, but it leads to happiness in the end."

Nothing further passed on either side till the vehicle drew up in front of a handsome mansion in one of the squares. Lights were seen from the drawing-room window, and the sounds of music heard. Richard looked up with surprise. He imagined that his conductor was taking him to some dreadful gloomy place, with heaven knows what intention, perhaps to murder him—for he had heard of such things—instead of which it appeared to him a palace.

A servant, in plain but handsome livery, came to the door of the cab.

"Send your master to me," said the gentleman.

The man disappeared, and in a few minutes the owner of the house came to him. A long and somewhat animated conversation ensued, in a language which our hero would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to understand. At its conclusion, he was directed to descend; for an instant he hesitated, but the stern, determined voice, the recollection that on the event of his refusal a prison awaited him, decided his obedience, and he walked between the two gentlemen into the house, passed through a hall crowded with servants, who stared inquiringly after him; for his dress, though scrupulously clean, bore all the signs of poverty.

At last his conductor stopped at a side door, which the master of the mansion opened with a key.

"Wait," he said, in a kindly tone, "till I have lit the gas."

In less time than it has taken us to describe it, our hero found himself seated with his companions in a comfortably-furnished apartment, the walls of which were covered with plans of estates, charts, and maps, shelves filled with tin cases labeled, and usual book-shelves.

Richard had never before been in a lawyer's office, or he must at once have recognized the peculiar features of the place. As it was, he gazed around him with a bewildered air. No wonder that he did so; the adventures of the night might have puzzled an older head and clearer brain than his to comprehend them.

"I have already told you the circumstances under which I found this boy," observed the old man, breaking the silence. "You will ascertain in the morning whether his tale be true or false. Not that I doubt it," he added, with a sigh, "but there must be no error on the subject."

"Certainly not," answered the gentleman.

"If true," resumed the speaker, "explain to him my intentions in his favor. I leave him in your care," he added, "certain that he will be kindly treated, and carefully watched to prevent escape."

"This is tyranny," exclaimed the boy, impetuously. "By what right, sir, do you detain me from my parents?"

"You hear him, Morton," said the man whom he regarded as his persecutor.

"At least I know the name of one of you!" observed Richard Hoffman.

"Hush!" interrupted the gentleman whom he had just heard addressed by the name of Morton; "the right you question is not only that of the strong against the weak, but of justice against one accused of crime."

"I am innocent!"

"That can only be *proved* by a public trial," observed the lawyer; "and before trial comes the prison and its contaminating influence, its shame and stain. This is a disgrace we wish to spare you; act wisely, and do not attempt to disappoint the efforts of your friends."

"Friends!" repeated Richard, in a contemptuous tone; "but I have done. I am in your hands; as you act by me, so heaven will judge you."

"Amen," said the old man, in a fervent tone; and without pronouncing another word he took his leave.

For some time after his departure Mr. Morton regarded his new acquaintance in silence. He was naturally a kindly disposed man—the father also of a family—and the frank, open countenance of the youth pleased and interested him. Ringing the bell, he directed the servant who answered it to bring a tray with refreshment, and to prepare a room for his unexpected visitor.

"*At the top of the house,*" he added, as the man quitted the room to excute his orders.

"You are tired," he said, as soon as our hero had done justice to the good things set before him. "In the morning we will speak further together, and anything I can do, consistently with my word to my client, who is a most excellent, although somewhat singular man, to relieve your anxiety respecting your mother and sister, I will."

There was something in the voice as well as the words of the speaker which convinced his hearer that he was speaking truthfully, and he looked up in his face and faintly smiled.

That night, or rather morning, Richard Hoffman slept in a luxurious bed for the first time in his life, or rather, we should have said, rested in one; for it was long, very long, ere sleep closed his aching eyelids; and when it came at last, pale faces haunted his troubled dreams, and tearful eyes seemed watching him.

More than once he turned upon his pillow, and murmured the names of "Mother—Mary."

We must now leave him for awhile, and return to the house where his absence was so deeply mourned.

George Hoffman had sufficiently recovered from his fit of drunkenness to retire to the inner room of the cottage to rest; and his wife, pale and haggard from mental as well as bodily suffering, and weary watching of the night, was engaged in preparing breakfast for herself and Mary, when a cab drew up at the door.

The mother's first thought was of her son, and she sprang to open it, fondly believing some kind, pitying hand had led the lost one back to her.

An involuntary sigh of disappointment escaped her as she recognized her last friend, Peter Mangles, whom, at any other time, she would have rejoiced to meet.

"Why, Rachel," said the old man, somewhat mortified, "you don't seem very glad to see me, and yet I have called at some slight inconvenience, thinking you might require my aid. It was not my fault that I was from home," he added, "you know I take but few holidays."

There was something so wo-begone, so utterly wretched in the look with which she regarded him, that Peter's heart reproached him for having spoken unkindly. Something dreadful, he saw, had taken place; so, telling the driver to wait, he entered the cottage. It was the first time he had visited it, and its comfortless, desolate appearance sent a chill through his frame.

"What has occurred?" he asked, as soon as Mrs. Hoffman had seated herself.

The distracted mother could only pronounce the name of her son.

"Ill?" said her visitor.

"Lost!" murmured Rachel; "lost to me, I fear, forever."

It was not without considerable difficulty, for the narrative was broken by tears and sobs, that the clerk drew from her the sad story of Richard's disappearance, and her own sufferings.

"Bad," he said, "very bad, but not hopeless. Nothing is lost in London, if people only set the right way about recovering it; we will soon find the boy again, and as for that rascal, Carus, I never regretted till this moment that I refused a share in the firm."

"Speak not of the wretch," replied the anxious mother; it is of Richard I am thinking; were he restored to me—could I once more fold him to my heart——"

The words were interrupted by the appearance of a neighbor, a bustling, ignorant, but well-meaning woman, who had heard of the disappearance of our hero.

"O, Mrs. Hoffman!" she exclaimed, "sad news, sad news!"

Rachel turned, if possible, paler than before.

"I can feel for you," added the speaker. "I've had trouble enough with my own children, but nothing to equal yours."

"*Do* speak out, cried the old clerk, impetuously; "you are more provoking than a bankruptcy."

The woman bridled up; she had come with a kind intention, and did not understand being addressed so harshly.

"Well, then, I got it all out of that young rascal, Jack Manders; he is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You are killing her," interrupted Peter Mangles.

"Richard has been taken up for picking pockets!"

Rachel uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless from her chair.

Terrified at the sight, little Mary began to cry bitterly, and call to father that mamma was dying. The noise roused the half-sobered drunkard from his sleep, and he came staggering into the room with a bewildered air. At the sight of his former friend he started back, feeling the full force of his degradation, though not of his misery.

"What—what is the matter?" he demanded, rubbing his blood-shot eyes.

"Peter pointed sternly to the inanimate form of his wife.

"For heaven's sake, explain!" added the wretched man.

"You have murdered her!" pronounced the old man, solemnly; "driven your boy to theft—to shame—to a prison! George, George! are these the hopes I once entertained of you?"

The guilty husband threw himself by the side of the inanimate form of his unhappy wife; implored her to look up to bless him, but with a look or word; madly cursed himself as the cause of all her misery, then called frantically upon his son, whom his misconduct had urged to crime.

It was a fearful scene. The iron of remorse had entered into the very heart of the drunkard, and wounded the only part of it his debasing vice had left uncorrupted—the love he still felt for his wife and children.

"It's no use bawling now the mischief's done," tartly observed the woman who had brought the fatal intelligence. "The only comfort you can bring her is news of her poor boy. I knows what a mother's feelin's is. Poor thing—poor thing!" she added, kneeling by her side, and chafing her hands and forehead.

Slowly the sufferer unclosed her eyes, and gazed around her till she encountered the glance of her husband, when a convulsive shudder ran through her frame, and she relapsed into insensibility, for the sense of misery returned with the sight of him who had occasioned it.

George Hoffman caught up his hat and rushed, like a madman, from the cottage, resolved to search London over till he had obtained tidings of his son.

Peter Mangles looked around him for an instant with an air of utter helplessness. In the intensity of his feelings, even the city, the astonishment and uneasiness his absence would cause to the firm, were forgotten, everything but the state of Rachel. He could not leave her in that desolate abode, the child who had sat a hundred times upon his knees, the fair girl whose affectionate smile had so frequently welcomed him in her father's house; no—his mind was made up, and he proceeded to act at once, for he had always looked upon decision, not only as a great moral, but business-like virtue.

With the assistance of the neighbor, who had not quite forgiven his pronouncing her more provoking than a bankruptcy, he wrapped the sufferer in a shawl, and deposited her safely in the cab, placed Mary beside her, got in himself, and ordered the driver to return to Blackheath.

The housekeeper at Ledger Cottage—the name of Peter Mangles's suburban abode—was greatly surprised when the cab once more drove up to the door. Seeing a female in it, her suspicions were confirmed; and she hastened, as she thought, to receive her mistress.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "you have brought her home?"

"Of course I have. Take the child."

"Child?" repeated the astonished Mrs. Lawrence. "Well!"

"What is the woman staring at?" demanded her master, as he placed Mary in her arms. "Get the best room ready; I expect the doctor directly."

The respectable old lady felt more and more puzzled to comprehend the affair; which, in her private opinion began to wear rather an ugly appearance, although she charitably hoped that her master was really married.

Pursing up her lips, she asked him, demurely, "If she could assist Mrs. Mangles?"

"Mrs. who?" cried the astonished Peter.

"Mrs. Mangles, sir."

"You are a fool, Mrs. Lawrence," solemnly pronounced her master; "there is no such being, either in *esse* or in *posse*."

This was the only occasion on which Peter had ever been known to tamper with the Latin tongue, which, truth to say, he looked upon with greater suspicion than even on railroad bonds or other questionable securities."

"I don't know about her being a *posse*," retorted the angry housekeeper, "but it's my belief she is no better than she should be."

"Few of us are," observed the old gentleman, sarcastically; "few of us are."

Removing the scarcely conscious Rachel from the carriage, he bore her, with the assistance of the driver, into the house, Mrs. Lawrence following, overwhelmed with confusion at the ridiculous error into which she had fallen. To make amends for it—she was really a kind-hearted woman—she began to busy herself by attending to her unexpected guest, whom she succeeded in getting to bed before the arrival of the physician, who was still in the chamber of his patient when Mr. Bently drove up, alarmed at the unusual absence of his confidential clerk, cashier, and friend.

"Are you ill, Mangles?" he demanded, as he entered the little parlor, where the former was anxiously awaiting the report of the medical man.

"Ill! No," replied Peter, tartly.

His employer regarded him with surprise.

"Yes, I am ill," added the speaker; "sick at heart; and all through you, Richard. I ought to have left you years since—years since. I was a fool I didn't."

"What has occurred to excite this humor?" inquired the merchant.

"What has occurred!" repeated the clerk. "What has not occurred, and all through your unforgiving temper? Your daughter Rachel, the only child of one of the richest men in the city, was last night reduced to beg for charity. And whom do you imagine she asked it of? Her cousin Carus. The heartless scoundrel not only bade her starve, but heaped reproaches and insult on her innocent head."

"The ruffian! But my child! my suffering child!"

"She is here, Richard, here, under my roof, and shall never quit it unless for a happier one; or the grave," added the old man, calmly, "or the grave!"

"I must see her!"

As they were about to leave the little parlor to visit Rachel the speakers fortunately encountered the physician, who at once forbade their visit.

"But I am her father," urged Mr. Bently.

"Head of the firm of that name in the city," added the owner of Ledger Cottage, by way of introducing them.

"I am sorry," said the man of science, "to repeat my prohibition, but the state of my patient is most critical; the least emotion, either of joy, surprise, or sorrow, may produce a fatal effect."

"Is there hope?" demanded Mr. Bently.

The physician paused, as if to measure the amount of consolation his words were to convey.

"There is hope," he said; "but but it is so slight, a breath would almost break it. In four-and-twenty hours I shall be able to speak more positively."

Neither Peter Mangles nor his employer quitted Ledger Cottage that day; the former crept about the house as stealthily as a cat, and even banished his favorite parrot to a neighbor's house lest its talking should disturb his suffering guest.

At night the father and friend of Rachel were not the only watchers. Her guilty but repentant husband haunted the Heath like some unquiet spirit, walking before the house he dared not enter, for his hope of recovering his son, or of obtaining intelligence of him had failed, and conscience whispered him it was the only plea on which he might trust for forgiveness. A few hours had made him an altered man. He now beheld his conduct in all its deformity, and shuddered at the picture.

Frequently in the long hours of the night, as he stood gazing at the windows watching every shadow that crossed the blinds, he would wring his half-frozen hands, and mutter the words—"Too late! too late!"

Such were the promptings of his despair, the outpourings of his lacerated heart. But who shall presume to repeat the self-accusing sinner's words, and say the angel of repentance had overshadowed him too late?

The following morning the physician pronounced a slight amelioration in the state of his patient, which Peter Mangles no sooner heard than he prepared to set out for the city. Two days' absence from his books and accounts were more than any reason, short of the death of his *protege*, would have justified. He was naturally of a hopeful disposition, and trusted for the best.

As he walked briskly over the Heath, in order to catch the omnibus, the husband of Rachel stood before him, so wo-begone, so wretched, that the kind old clerk had not the courage to reproach him.

"A word; only one, sir, for mercy's sake," exclaimed the unhappy man. "My wife. I have been watching all night at her window. Do speak to me; my heart is almost broken."

"The doctor thinks she is better, George; that, with care, great care, she may recover."

"Thank Heaven! Then I have not murdered her. Her death is not upon my soul, as well as the ruin of my poor boy."

"Have you heard any tidings of him?"

"None," groaned the penitent father, "none. I have inquired at every police-station, haunted every court, each den of vice I can think of, but he is nowhere to be found."

"Out all night," thought his hearer, with a glance of compassion; "and such a night, too. Here, George," he added, speaking aloud, "you must require some refreshment."

The husband of Rachel pressed his hand, but refused the proffered gift.

"Henceforth," he said, "the bread I eat shall be the bread of industry.. It's not pride. O, believe me, it is not pride—that has long since been crushed—but the stern resolve of a repentent man to redeem, if possible, his sullied name; to win the forgiveness of the angel he has wronged; to die with the consciousness that his poor children will not curse the memory of their father."

"There's hope in him yet," exclaimed Peter Mangles, as George Hoffman walked rapidly away from him. "I always said there was; for, when a boy, I invariably found his petty cash book right; more," he added, "than I could ever say for that precious rascal Carus."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MORAL BEAUTY.

What is beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

DISCUSSION.—Truth cannot be found without some labor and intention of the mind, and the thoughts dwelling a considerable time upon the survey and discussion of each particular.

MY HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

We were visiting my father's favorite friend, a fine, cheerful and benevolent gentleman, a great favorite with both old and young. A grand time we had been having, out of doors all the time, when not eating or resting. Such delightful people to visit are seldom seen. Horses and carriages, house and lands, all at your service, we all felt so welcome—so at home.

Now that a rainy day had shut the ladies of our party in doors, we betook ourselves to conversation to keep up our spirits. The conversation flagged, however, in spite of their efforts, and we were fast subsiding into gloom when Mrs. Vernor, our excellent host's sister, proposed to tell us a story connected with her own life, to which we gladly assented.

In my twenty-fourth year, commenced the old lady, I was married to James Vernor, the man of my choice. I was devotedly attached to him—so I thought. It seemed to me that I could cheerfully have laid down my life for his sake; and the only trouble I had after I had learned that he loved me, was the fear that he was not so fond of me as I was of him. I used to torment myself a great deal with this idea. I became jealous of every one at whom James looked with any degree of kindness. Often and often did I weep myself to sleep because of some foolish fancy regarding the weakness of his love for me, when I *should* have been thanking God joyfully that so good and noble-hearted a man had sought me for his wife. I tell you of these feelings, that you may see how unreasonable the young can be, and not know it; and how wrong and selfish they often are, when they think that they are only loving and devoted. *Self-love* desires that every thought, feeling and interest of husband or wife should be subservient to the one in whose heart it reigns; but *true* love is ever disinterested, and sharp-eyed for the good of its object.

My husband and I went to our little home, and for a few weeks I was as happy as my heart desired.

But a cloud soon arose in my sky. My husband had a brother, a young lad named Rufus. He had been serving under a violent and harsh master, and among companions who were a great injury to him. He was now sixteen years of age, a rough, cross-grained, snarling, homely boy, to whom I had a great aversion. Now I had always known that James was very anxious to be able to get Rufus away from the place where he was so ill used and unhappy, and where he could hardly help growing worse and worse each day he lived. My dear husband had always, both before and after our union, made me his confidant in this regard. He never seemed to entertain a single doubt that I felt as deep an interest in the fatherless and homeless son of his long-sleeping parents as he felt himself; and had therefore poured out to me all his anxieties and sympathies for "poor Rufus," as he almost always styled the lad. Generally, while I heard James talk, I felt, to a certain degree, as he did, but the moment that Rufus came into my sight all my interest in him vanished. There was nothing attractive about the boy; and he manifested no gratitude for all the kindness heaped on him by his brother. This I once mentioned to James.

"Oh! he is too young to realize anything about the value to me of what little money I am able to spend for him; and then with such a bringing up as he has had—poor boy! 'tis no wonder that he acts and talks as he does. I'm sure *I* should have been far worse than he is had I been put through such a course of treatment as, from a mere baby, he has had. It has given me a heart-ache of years to be obliged to see, and unable to prevent all that has befallen that unfortunate child. But, please God, an end shall soon be put to it. As soon as we get settled, my love, he shall come here to us. Home—poor child! he has forgotten what sort of place that is; but we will show him its meaning, and set ourselves to making a civilized being of him."

I never made much reply to such observations, trusting in my good fortune to avert from me the calamity of having Rufus in my house. But we had not been married a month when James told me—pleasure beaming on his face—that he had settled with Rufus's master, that the boy was to leave him the coming Saturday, and come home to us.

"I have secured him a good place for the summer, my dear," said my husband, "and in the autumn I shall send him to school. I mean to give Rufus an education."

I was made so angry and unhappy by this information that I could not answer my husband a word.

"Bringing that great impudent clown of a boy here for me to wait on," I said to myself; "and he won't mind a word we say to him, for he makes nothing of giving impudence to James whenever he feels like it. That's all the thanks *he* gets for all he does for him; it's likely that *I'll* get a good deal. All our happiness and quietness is over now—that's clear. Rufus will make noise and dirt enough for ten boys. It's his nature, and then he is so meddlesome—nothing is ever safe where he is. Oh, dear me! I wish James thought as much of his *wife* as he does of his *brother*. And he's going to spend all that he can earn in giving Rufus an education—is he? I may go in rags, no doubt, and work myself to death to take care of the house and those two. I do declare it is abominable. I thought people got married to try and make each other happy."

"You are trying to make your husband happy. You are willing nobly to deny yourself for the sake of doing good, aren't you?"

Somebody seemed to whisper this to my heart. It was the voice of conscience; but I angrily smothered it; and taking my hat and shawl, went over to see my mother. When I had accounted to her for my disturbed looks—

"I thought," said she, "that you expected to have Rufus with you. I never supposed that he would be a very agreeable companion until you had polished him for a year or so; but then I did not feel at all unwilling for you to have some occasion for practicing self-denial, patience, and forbearance—you *need* such discipline; and with Rufus in your house you will be likely to have it."

Here I began to sob and cry.

"I think it is hard that even my own mother should be against my peace and happiness," I said. "I *didn't* expect to have Rufus—if you did think so. I was sure that something would prevent his being forced on to my hands. Oh, dear me! if I am to be made a slave of, I wish that I had never married."

"Silence! you wicked, selfish girl," said my mother, sternly. "I am sorry, for the sake of James, that you are married, if *this* is the way in which you are going to act out your affection for him. I am truly ashamed of you, my daughter, and am thankful that it is before me, rather than to your noble-minded husband, that you have made such an exhibition of the weak and dark side of your character

"Suppose that this case were reversed—that *you* were an orphan, and had one poor young brother, the only earthly being akin to you, one who had been left a babe by the dying mother, whose last faint, gasping prayer was that you would be to it a friend, faithful unto death; one who had, because of the abuse and mis-training you were powerless to prevent, been as a weight upon your heart, and a mill-stone about your neck, from the day he was taken from you at his mother's grave—suppose that when you married you hailed with joy the prospect of giving to this poor boy, the babe your mother left, a home, and of teaching him, by kindness and patience, how to become what he ought to be, would you think your husband *loved you* if he refused to enter into your feelings for your brother—if he was *angry* because you desired to offer him a home with you?"

I had been growing more and more ashamed of myself with every word which my mother had uttered; my heart ached, too, at the picture of the desolate orphan which she had drawn; but I held out a little longer.

"He will be such a plague," I muttered.

"I presume he will—boys usually are—James himself was once, but if nobody is to bear kindly with the faults of the young, how are any good men and women to be reared? I would that my daughter were willing to help her husband in the work of training up, to a manhood noble as his own, his only brother."

"She is, mother, she is; forgive my wickedness, and *see* if I don't try to do my part for Rufus faithfully. We will adopt the wild fellow; and if he don't turn out well it shall not be our fault. *But he never will make such a man as James is*—never!"

"Perhaps not," said my mother, with a sly smile. "I hope, daughter," she added, "that you did not let your husband perceive your state of mind regarding the boy—did you?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid he saw that I was not pleased. But I said nothing against his brother's coming, and now I will tell him that I shall be glad to have him with us, and that I will be as kind to him as if he were my own dear brother. Good-bye, mother, I must run back and talk with James."

My dear, unsuspicious husband had not mistrusted me. I was in the habit of flying out and in suddenly; and I suppose he thought that my leaving him as I did was caused by the smell of burning bread, or some such thing. He was heartily delighted at the good will with which I now entered into all his plans for Rufus. He took me on his knee, and looked at me fondly and proudly.

* * * * * * * * *

Rufus came with Saturday night. He manifested great satisfaction, but not a shade of gratitude, at the sight of the snug little chamber prepared for him. He made himself fully at home, and managed to make more trouble and confusion in one day than a boy ought to make in seven. When James reproved him he would throw his cap into his face and laugh till he almost deafened me; or would get sullen or saucy. As for me, he made nothing of swinging me round by the waist until I was so angry that I could not stand. Oh! he *was* a trial to faith and patience. A thousand contrary and self-willed things, and *ten* thousand mischievous ones, we had to bear that summer, but I propped my patience against that of my husband, and as his never failed, mine did not, and so the time wore on.

The boy was happy, and he loved us both—we knew that. His brother he almost worshiped; but he *did* delight to torment and worry him. It was wicked and unkind, and was the very hardest thing that I had to bear. But James forgave all, why should not I? Fall came, and Rufus went away to school. He was gone all winter. In the spring he returned to us, greatly improved.

I *had* felt the need of a new silk dress; but when I saw what good the money had bought for Rufus, I could not regret the way in which it had been spent. Year followed year; and at last our duty to the lad was done. He was launched fairly on the tide of business for himself, and was prospering. He was a good and happy man; and often did he declare to us that we had made him. He should have been a poor, ruined creature, he said, had it not been for us. He wished to pay back all we had spent on him; but James was also prospering in the affairs of the world, and he refused to be paid in anything but affection.

Rufus told me, in confidence, that the amount, principal and interest, that we had expended for him, was out on interest for our eldest son. I felt that we were more than rewarded for all that we had done and bore for our brother. But the end was not yet. Time pays compound interest both for good deeds and for bad. Yes, *time*, even; what then must be the tremendous payment of eternity!

A commercial storm arose—down toppled the loftiest houses; then in their ruin were crushed thousands of lesser ones. James and Rufus both failed. My husband was taken sick—*not* from distress of mind, for both he and his brother were able to cover nearly all their debts, and they had no fear of starving, or even of suffering deeply, either in heart or home, by their commercial downfall; but, he took a fever, and in two weeks he died, leaving me a penniless widow, with four children. Now, what had been my fate had I earned a *brother's hatred* in my youth? But I had earned his lasting love, and he took me and my children to his home. Prosperity again smiled on him, and he was able to care for us all without any great self-denial. He has educated all my children; they are now married, and would like to have me live with them; but I feel this house to be my home—I know that it is most freely and gladly made as my own. My children come to it as if it was mine; and here I will live and die, with the dear boy, who, after all, *did* come to *just such* a noble manhood as his brother's was. Girls, do you accept the lesson of my life?

The tearful eyes and subdued manner of her auditors assured the dear old lady that her lesson had not been given in vain.

A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT.—A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvannia. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have another wife!" cried the notion dealer.

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

ANDRIA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Her language is so sweet and fit
You never have enough of it.
If she smiles the house is bright
Without any candle light.

Whether that her hair is rolled
Round an ivory comb, or gold
Pinned or no, I cannot tell,
In itself it shines so well.

Whether she doth wear her coat
Loose, or buttoned to the throat—
Hems or ruffles, plain or gay,
Seems to me the sweetest way

She's so pitiful to all,
Sighs, as if by chance, do fall,
Daily, in her child-like prayers,
Getting heavenward unawares.

Every little word she speaks
Makes two roses in her cheeks—
Modest, till she almost flies
From the babies in her eyes.

By her innocence she awes
Evil from her; through love's laws,
That so bind us like a cord,
Each to all, she seeks the Lord.

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THE RESCUE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the spring of 1794, while General Wayne, in command of the Northwestern Army, was occupying Fort Greenville, which he had constructed the preceding winter, news was brought to him that a party of Pottawatomies had surprised and destroyed the block-house of a small settlement not far distant, and massacred all the inmates except a young female, whom they had taken prisoner and were then supposed to be conducting to their village. This female, a Miss Eggleston, was the daughter of an officer of some note, who was a friend of Wayne's, and he determined, if in his power, to save her. At that time he had some two or three heroic little bands of spies, or scouts, attached to his division; and he knew if a rescue could be effected at all, the men to entrust with that important enterprise could be found among them, and them only.

Now it so happened that a small party of these scouts were at that moment in the fort, having come in the night previous with important information, and were preparing to set off again immediately. Sending for one of the most daring of these, Robert McClellan by name, who, though not the regularly appointed leader of the band, sometimes acted in that capacity when his commander was absent, the general briefly informed him of what had taken place, and asked him if he thought there was a hope of Miss Eggleston being rescued.

"I can't say as to that, Gineral," replied the scout; "but this I will say, ef it kin be done, I kin do it."

"How many men do you want?" asked Wayne, "How big is the party?" inquired the other.

"From the report, I should judge there were twenty or thirty of them."

"Then it'll never do for us to make a regular stand-up fight on't, Gineral, unless we has the cap'n and the others all along; and as they won't be in afore to-morrow, ef then, I reckon it's best to operate by sarcumvention; and the two that's here with me—Hickman and Hart—will be jest as good for that thar as a dozen more. Only put me whar I can git on their trail, and ef the red niggers arn't too far ahead, I'll soon fetch a good report of *them*, ef I don't of the young woman."

"But you must bring a good account of *her!*" rejoined Wayne, in a positive tone. "It is to save *her* I send you; for she is the daughter of my friend, and her life and rescue are above price."

"Then we'll save *her*, Gineral," replied the hardy scout—"that is, ef the butchering varmints only save her themselves till we kin get to whar she ar."

General Wayne gave McClellan some further instructions, and then bade him set out immediately; and returning to his temporary quarters in the Fort, and informing his companions what was required of them, they at once set about preparing for their new adventure; and in less than half an hour, the three were threading the intricate mazes of a great, dark forest, which then stretched away, unbrokenly, for many a long league before them.

With long and rapid strides—McClellan, the fleetest-footed hunter of his time, on the lead—they got over some twenty miles of ground, and reached the ruins of the block-house, where the massacre had taken place, just as the sun was setting. There was light enough to find the broad trail of the retreating Indians; and with no unnecessary delay they set out upon it, and advanced some two or three miles further, when the gathering night compelled themto encamp and postpone further operations till another day.

The night, however, passed off without any disturbance; and at the first streak of day they arose and resumed their journey; and ere the sun set again, they had travelled far upon the broad trail of their foes in a northerly direction.

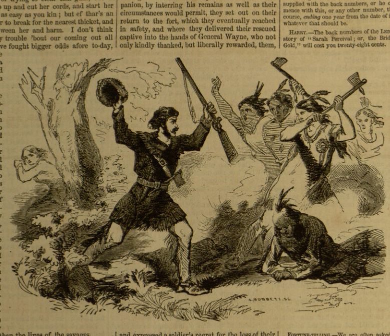
It is not our purpose to follow them in detail. Suffice it to say, that near the close of the second day they reached a point where the trail forked, and it became necessary to make a careful examination, in order to decide which party had taken the prisoner with them. To the best of their judgment, the whole number of Indians was not much short of thirty; but they were not equally divided at the point of separation, as was evident from one trail being much larger than the other. They soon satisfied themselves that the girl had been taken with the smaller party; and this to them was a pleasing discovery, as it gave them more hope of being successful in her rescue.

This decided, they pushed on rapidly till night, and then encamped—proceeding on the following morning as before; and at the close of the third day, just as night was setting in, they came within view of the camp-fire of their foes. Waiting some two or three hours, until they thought the venture perfectly safe, they carefully proceeded to reconnoitre the Indian camp, which was in a small, pleasant, but heavily wooded valley, through which flowed a branch of the Wabash. Creeping up cautiously, under cover of some bushes, they beheld six Indians carelessly disposed around the fire, three of them lying down as if asleep, and the others sitting near together, conversing in low tones, occasionally laughing, and evidently totally unsuspicious of danger. A little apart, and bound to a tree, was the poor captive—a young and beautiful female—whose now pale and dejected features bespoke the despair of her heart, and, combined with her disheveled hair and torn and disarranged garments, rendered her an object of pity even to men hardened to almost every scene of suffering and distress.

Having fully ascertained the number and position of their enemies, and the fact that the prisoner, whom they had come to rescue was still alive, the scouts drew stealthily back to a safe distance, and held a whispered consultation upon the manner of their future procedure.

"I don't exactly like either of your plans," said McClellan, who had quietly listened to the propositions of the others. "It's our business to git the gal away—that's the Gineral's orders—and the way that we kin do that the best, is the best way. Now, instead of trying to steal thar guns, one o' you jest creep up and cut her cords, and start her off toward us as easy as you kin; but ef thar's an alarm, tell her to break for the nearest thicket, and we'll stand atween her and harm. I don't think thar'll be any trouble 'bout our coming out all right, for we've fought bigger odds afore to-day, without the 'vantage of a surprise, and licked 'em too."

After some further discussion, the plan of McClellan was acceded to as the best, and Hart was selected to enter the camp and release the girl—the others to be in readiness to pour in their fire in case of an alarm—which, to say the least, would be likely to throw the Indians into confusion, and give our friends so much the advantage—while the girl would be almost certain to escape, and her escape was what they now sought rather than the lives of the savages.


A. BOBBETT. SC.

Having thus arranged the matter, the three scouts kept perfectly quiet and silent some two or three hours longer, and then began the execution of their final scheme. The fire, which the Indians had fed while astir, had now gone down to mere embers; but this only the better served McClellan's idea, as it would render Hart less liable to be seen in his approach to the prisoner.

Some quarter of an hour more was spent in arranging everything for perfect action, and getting into position, which they finally did in that stealthy and noiseless manner peculiar to men of their profession. Then leaving his two companions where their fire would be sure to be effective, Hart as cautiously and stealthily drew back, and glided round to the captive. He reached her without causing any alarm, but found her fast asleep, sitting on the ground, her back braced against the tree to which she was bound. To wake her, and warn her, and assure her that deliverance was at hand—without causing her to start, or cry out, and so arouse her captors—was a delicate task. He began, however, by whispering in her ear, and so continued till she gradually awoke, and heard, and comprehended his words, when her rare presence of mind came to his aid, and he was greatly rejoiced and relieved at her whispered reply:

"I understand you—I thank you—God bless you, whoever you are! Have no fear! I am a soldier's daughter, and will do whatever you bid me."

"Then jest as soon as I cut your cords," whispered Hart, in reply, "git up and foller me, and don't make a bit o' noise; but ef the Injuns do happen to rouse, don't get too skeered, but run for the nearest thicket, and leave me and my comrades to settle them."

He then cut her bonds; and quietly, but with trembling eagerness, she arose to comply with his directions; but the first step forward, her long-corded and benumbed limbs partially giving way under her, she stumbled upon a dry branch, which snapped beneath her feet.

Instantly one of the Indians nearest the tree started up into a sitting posture—when Hart, feeling himself called upon to act, suddenly presented his rifle at the breast of his foe, and lodged the contents in his body. As he fell back, the scout, with a yell of triumph and defiance, bounded over him to attack the next, the whole party being now fully aroused and alarmed. Snapping his pistol at the breast of the second, and finding it miss fire, Hart struck out with his tomahawk, but stumbled at the same moment, and, missing the warrior in the act of rising, fell heavily against him. The latter staggered, and was really much alarmed and confused; but comprehending, withal, that he had an enemy within his reach, he quickly grappled him, whipped out his knife, and plunged it several times into his body. He was in the very act of doing this, in fact, when a ball from the rifle of McClellan pierced his brain, and he fell dead over the dying form of Hart—Hickman at the same instant shooting down another—for with loud, terrifying yells, both had rushed upon the Indians at the same moment with their unfortunate companion.

There were now three unwounded Indians to two whites; and had the former known of their advantage, the day might have been their own; but they were surprised, alarmed, and half paralyzed with the thought that they were attacked by overwhelming numbers; and before they had time to recover, the smaller weapons of our heroes had done their work upon two more of them, the sixth one only making his escape with a yell of terror. The skirmish, from first to last, scarcely exceeded a minute; and probably no regular battle in the world ever showed such a proportion of the killed, to the number engaged, in so short a time.

It was a dearly-won contest to our two surviving friends, and sad and gloomy were their feelings as they lifted their poor comrade from beneath his foe, and listen to the irregular breathings which were soon to cease in death. The girl, who had not fled far, now returned and joined them in their grief, for she felt that the poor fellow had fallen in her rescue and defence. An hour later, the dying man expired in the arms of McClellan, rousing a little at the last moment, and speaking a few words, faintingly:

"Good bye, boys," he said, "and remember me wharever you see the red niggers."

"We'll do that, Hart, you may rest assured," replied McClellan, in an unsteady tone; and over his mortal remains those two hardy scouts swore undying revenge against their savage foes.

Drawing the fair girl apart from the bloody scene, and assuring her that they were as ready to yield their lives in her defence as the one who had so fallen, they gave her a blanket, and persuaded her to lie down and get what rest she could, that she might be prepared for the long journey homeward, which would commence on the morrow. Then scalping their slain, and making prize of whatever they considered of any value, they sat down by their dead comrade, and passed the night beside him, rehearsing tales of adventures in which he had taken a part, and renewing their oaths of eternal vengeance against the whole Indian race.

At daylight the following morning they dug a rude grave with their hatchets and knives, and having shown their final respect to their late companion, by interring his remains as well as their circumstances would permit, they set out on their return to the fort, which they eventually reached in safety, and where they delivered their rescued captive into the hands of General Wayne, who not only kindly thanked, but liberally rewarded, them, and expressed a soldier's regret for the loss of their brave companion.

It may interest the reader to know that this same young lady—so providentially preserved at the general massacre of her friends, and so gallantly rescued at the expense of the life of one of those brave heroes of the wilderness—subsequently became the wife of an officer under Wayne, and the mother of one who now holds a distinguished position in the councils of the nation.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* Ledger, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy.*

Rebecca wants to cure her sweetheart of the habit of taking snuff. We cannot instruct her how. We live in an age of snuff and tobacco. Tobacco was introduced with potatoes and private judgment, or thinking for one's self; and ever since that, the whole world has been busy puffing smoke out of the mouth, or stopping up the nostrils with snuff. It is by the nose that we discover the ethereal or spiritual essence of matter. It was, therefore, all right, in an age of materialism, that the nose should be crammed with something that diminishes its perceptive powers. The age will never abandon smoking and snuffing until it rise to the perception of the beautiful and the true, as well as the useful and profitable. Smokers and snuffers are very well adapted for the present times. Tobacco is a matter-of-fact substance; and it is more scientific to tickle the nose than to tickle the fancy—to puff tobacco smoke than to talk blarney. Perhaps Rebecca herself snuffs more than she is aware of. Ladies have their own way of snuffing. We wish we could cure the two sexes, and make them understand one another; but we are not wise enough for that. If love cannot cure the habit, we know not what will.

Sir Villiers Courtney, in behalf of himself and a large circle of ladies and gentlemen who have been discussing the matter, puts to us the following case, namely: Suppose a stranger should attend church in their city, and enter an unoccupied pew. After a time the owners of the pew (say a gentleman and three or four ladies) arrive; the stranger passes out and permits the ladies to enter; after they have become seated, it is found there is room for only one more, and the owner gives the seat to the stranger. Now, do the rules of etiquette or the laws of good breeding demand that the stranger (who is utterly unknown to the ladies, and to whom they are also wholly unknown) should find the hymns and do the honors of the occasion for the ladies, or preserve a modest neutrality? We think he should adopt the latter course. He is in one sense the guest of the owners of the pew, and should not put himself forward any more than as though he were in their house. (How would it look for a total stranger to invite a lady to take a chair and stay to dinner in her own house?) The ladies should hand him a hymn-book, or Bible, &c.

A Reader of the Ledger was engaged to a "lovely girl." He was obliged to travel for his health, and on returning to his home he found that "another person—a perfect rake, had won the love of his betrothed." Her parents are opposed to this second lover, but she is firm in her attachment to him, although she says she also still loves the first. As for the latter (our correspondent) he is "utterly miserable, and the fear that the idol of my soul will marry that bad man is breaking my heart. What shall I do?—what *can* I do?" Nothing. If the girl *will* marry your rival, there is no help for it, and if she won't marry you there is no help for that, either.

When a woman *will*, she *will*,
You may depend on't;
And when she *won't*, she *won't*,
And that's the end on't.

Mrs. E., (Cincinnati).—It was in the year 1658 that the Quakers were hanged at Boston for heresy. Their names were William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, Nicholas Davis, Mary Dyar and William Leddra. The witchcraft mania did not prevail until thirty-four years afterwards, in 1692. During this delusion twenty persons were hanged, fifty-five tortured, and large numbers imprisoned. It is not at all probable that we shall ever have any more such persecutions or deplorable delusions in this country; so you need not be alarmed for the safety of the "strange boy" to whom you refer. He can indulge in any vagaries of belief without fear of his being burned, hanged, tortured or banished.

J. P. M.—No; we will not take postage stamps for subscriptions. When a fractional part of a dollar has to be enclosed in order to make the change even, we will take postage stamps for that fraction, *and only for that.* But we want it distinctly understood that we will not take postage stamps, in any case, for amounts of one dollar or over.

Bion.—The phrase "Open Sesame" was the talismanic adjuration with which the celebrated "Forty Thieves," described in the "Arabian Nights," caused the door of their mysterious cave to open. Whenever any one stood before the door and said "Open Sesame," it at once noiselessly opened and let the person pass.

Frederic.—Don't send your money. If you do, you will lose it. These offerers of "prizes" and "premiums" for cash subscriptions in advance, are mostly bankrupts and swindlers, and you can have nothing to do with them without getting cheated.

Cora.—We can publish no recipe or remedy for such a complaint as you mention. It, as well as any other serious disease, requires the personal attention and study of a physician, and by taking any "published remedies" you would endanger your life.

Humble Servant.—It is impossible to advise you on such an important and complicated case without the fullest information. You had better call on some first-rate lawyer and offer him half of the profits if he will recover the property for you.

Honeymoon.—Connubial love supersedes all other love. There is no nearer relative than a spouse. "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

D. B. J.—We have no time to criticise your "novel;" and if we had, we should charge $500 for reading the manuscript for such a purpose.

Amicus.—Whether the articles you refer to are imaginary or not, we leave you to imagine; but the question of your impertinence is not at all one of imagination.

J. H. and V. D., Warsaw, Ill.—You had better go to New Orleans and take a packet-ship to France.

John Spencer.—Yes. After a person has sent us the subscriptions of a club of subscribers, he can continue to add new names to the list at the same rate, namely, a dollar and a half for each subscriber. The subscriptions of new members of the club can begin at any time they wish, but none will be received for less than a year. For example: should you now send us in a club whose subscriptions dated from the first of January, and in a month should send us in another name, the new subscriber could have his subscription date along with the rest from the first of January, and be supplied with the back numbers, or he could have it commence with this, or any other number, the subscription, of course, *ending* one year from the date of its commencement, whatever that should be.

Harry.—The back numbers of the Ledger, containing the story of "Sarah Percival; or, the Bride of the House of Gold," will cost you twenty-eight cents.

R., Plainfield.—This correspondent asks—"Suppose that, in a game of backgammon, a player is 'throwing off,' having one man on his six point and one on his three point, and no others in his board, and he throws 'five—deuce,' can either of the men mentioned be thrown off?" What answer do our readers, who are interested in the matter, make to this question?

On the Fence.—If you cannot tell which of the girls you love the best, you do not love either of them. When a man truly loves, he knows it, and there can be no doubt as to who is the object of his affection.

Money.—"Consols" is an abbreviation used to denote stocks of the consolidated funds of England.

Fortune-telling.—We are often asked by young ladies what we think of fortune-telling. But what is the use of telling what we think? Ladies go and consult the oracles, pretending all the while that they do not believe them; and they are as pleased as kittens when they are told something favorable. Fortune-telling is a species of amusement which neither church nor state has been able to put down by severe persecution. Severe laws still exist against astrologers, sorcerers and gipsies, but all to no purpose. Fashion is the most powerful law, and that has not altogether subdued them, nor ever will, for the anxiety respecting futurity is a strong natural passion, which must be gratified in some way or other. All the world are fortune-tellers. What is a statesman but a fortune-teller? What is a railway speculator but a fortune-teller? If people have not their fortunes told in one way, they have them in another, and brazen speculators have persuaded many a philosopher to trust them with hundreds of dollars, who would have disdained to give a dime to a poor gipsy.

A Laboring Lover says he has been keeping company with a girl several months, whom he loved dearly and who has professed to love him; that when the hard times came on he was thrown out of employment, and as his means are limited, did not consider it prudent for him to expend any of his small capital on theatres or other amusements; that his sweetheart took offence at this economical course on his part, and has lately given him the cold shoulder and bestowed her smiles upon a rival who takes her to places of amusement, whereat our correspondent is greatly troubled, and wants to know what he had better do. He should let the selfish and unreasonable creature go. Whoever marries her will be kept poor all his life. Our correspondent's course on his being thrown out of employment was wise and honest; it shows that he is a prudent and sagacious man, and deserves a loving, economical, and true-hearted wife.

St. Marguerite's.—This correspondent says she has been proposed to by "a highly respectable, accomplished and talented gentleman," whom she loves, and who declares with pathos and vehemence that he loves her. But, alas! her friends warn her against him as a false-hearted trifler with the hearts and affections of women, and she doubts the sincerity of his vows. The question is, "How shall I *test* the truthfulness of his love?" Let time test it. By putting the gentleman on a reasonable probation and watching him closely, you can ascertain with considerable certainty what his real sentiments are. If he is ready to marry you, that is a pretty good proof of his affection. If you engage yourself, let the wedding follow speedily, so as to give him the least possible time in which to hatch treason.

Insult.—This correspondent says that "on committing a slight misdemeanor towards a lady in company, I begged her pardon; whereupon the lady told me I had degraded myself in her estimation, and that *she* would never ask anybody's pardon—not for the world; and now I would like your opinion on the subject, so as to be prepared in future for like occurrences." Do you mean to make a practice of "committing misdemeanors towards ladies," then? When one is conscious of having done a wrong, it is highly commendable in him to ask the pardon of the person wronged. The "lady" to whom you refer was some vain and ignorant creature, as devoid of sense as of intelligence.

Sarah Remmington.—Inquiries about dowry spoil the romance of love. A lover should never mention the subject; it has a mercenary appearance. Still, in certain circumstances of life it may be a matter of importance, and form the very point upon which a determination to marry may be suspended; and there may be no other means but direct inquiry of obtaining the information. It should, however, be very delicately introduced, and we do not wonder at the shock which Sarah's feelings have experienced. But since he has commenced the pecuniary catechism, Sarah would do well to make strict inquiries respecting his solvency or pecuniary circumstances, and also his family. Many beautiful and accomplished young women marry showy adventurers upon the mere faith of appearances—a hazardous experiment.

Annetta wishes to be informed at once what is the true meaning of the word "exquisite," as there is an important wager depending on the decision. Is there not a copy of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in your town, to which Annetta can gain access? In that storehouse of definitions she will find the etymology of the word "exquisite," its primary signification, and all its derivative and figurative meanings as an adjective traced to the fifth degree. She will also find that it is sometimes used as a noun, in which case it signifies a fop or dandy.

Military.—The old company can keep possession of their armory and arms until they voluntarily disband, or are disbanded by some competent authority, no matter how many of them have joined the new company. Those members of the old company who have quitted it and joined the new, have put it out of their power to control, or take any part in controlling, the arms and armory of the former. They of course are no longer subject to their former officers.

Jessamine.—Of course a girl should not permit a lover to tyrannize over her. Perish the thought! Couch your darning-needle, and bid him defiance. As for lovers' quarrels, we do not regard them as being of much consequence.

P. S. L.—You are greatly mistaken in supposing that the toils of authorship are less than those of a mechanical pursuit. The labors of the mind are much more exhausting than the labors of the body.

Bangor.—We cannot advise you in regard to the extrication of your sister from her unpleasant condition, as we do not know all the circumstances. You had better apply to a good lawyer in your city.

Byron.—Dancing with a lady at a ball is not sufficient acquaintance to entitle a man to call personally at her home. It requires a special introduction, unless she be very easy of access. But that should never be taken for granted.

H. X.—You had better apply to the consul who represents your country here for the information you desire, or to the representative of the Chilian government at Washington.

Dean.—A gas company has the same rights as to regulating their charges, and their mode of dealing with customers, that any individual or company has.

Springfield, Illinois.—Leave the matter to time. Conduct yourself in a courteous and straightforward manner, and take the result cheerfully.

Theodore.—You are a vain, conceited fellow, and no more in love—in the true sense of the word—than any puppy that roams the streets.

Thomas A. M., (Warsaw, Mo.)—The back numbers of the Ledger to which you refer will cost forty-four cents.

L. C.—You *could* marry the woman referred to, but you would thereby expose yourself to a prosecution for bigamy.

Husband.—Let your wife cry if she wants to do so.

Miss Jane.—It will do you no harm to study mathematics, and may do you much good; and as your father is so anxious to have you pursue his favorite science, you had better gratify him. Whatever compels a girl to think hard and with precision is good for her. As for your objection that mathematics could never be of any *practical* use to a woman, the same will hold as to drawing, music, botany, and many other so-called branches of female education. One of the principal objects of female education is the development, strengthening, brightening, and disciplining of the mind, so as to fit it for instant and effective use on any and all occasions, and the study of mathematics does this more thoroughly than the pursuit of any or all of the "ornamental" branches.

Anna L. C.—In showing visitors into your parlor, if the door is wide enough, pass in with them, if not, pause at the door and bow them in, letting them precede you just enough to enable you to walk with freedom. When, on being introduced to you, a man says, "I am very happy, madam, to make your acquaintance," you can reply, "Thank you, sir," or, "The pleasure is mutual," or you can simply bow and smile your acknowledgments. It is difficult to lay down rules of conduct for such occasions, inasmuch as it is not what is said or done, so much as the *manner* of saying or doing it, which "tells."

Portsmouth says, "Two ladies, both young, well connected, and independent as regards pecuniary affairs, have a great desire to devote themselves to the 'stage,' and as their friends would certainly oppose such a scheme, they apply to the editor of the Ledger for advice." We think that two ladies thus situated, who could desire to "devote themselves to the stage," give indications of insanity, and should retire to a lunatic asylum until they are restored to a healthy state of mind.

Mitten says he has been keeping company with a "young lady" several months, but hesitates about engaging himself to her because she permits another man—a particular friend of his—to hug and kiss her whenever they meet at her home, even though others are present. We think "Mitten" is right to "hesitate" under such circumstances, and he would be justified in cutting the acquaintance of such an ill-mannered and immodest creature.

Dinwiddie, Virginia.—You should not suffer yourself to be so outrageously imposed upon by the girls. You are evidently a *mis*-guided youth, and your mother should be careful not to allow you to stray far from the parental domicile, else the fate of the redoubtable and original Tom Thumb will be nothing as compared with the doom that will overtake you.

Annie A.—Some "professor of heraldry" could, perhaps, hunt up your family's coat of arms, and could tell whether there is "any hole or breach in it." We are not skilled in such matters, and have never cared anything like as much about not having "holes in our coat of arms," as in the arms of our coat.

William Wallace.—The appointment of cadets to the Military Academy at West Point is under the control of the Secretary of War. By writing to him you can get all the necessary information upon the subject, or you can find it in the Ledger for March 16th, 1857, which you can get at any news-office.

Thomas.—Jamestown, in Virginia, was not the *first* English settlement in America, though it was the first permanent one. Jamestown was founded in 1607; but in 1585 Sir Richard Grenville founded the colony of Roanoke, in the same State. This colony was twice destroyed by the Indians, and was then abandoned in despair.

Bookkeeper, Louisville.—Boat-rowing, boxing, fencing, wood-sawing, horseback-riding, walking, running, jumping, and practice with dumb-bells, are all good methods of exercise. No matter if jumping or other violent exercise does make you "feel sure;" keep at it until you don't feel sore.

G. W. L.—The phrase "Te Deum" is the first two words of the chant commencing "Te Deum laudamus," etc., which in English is "Thee, O God, we praise," &c. It is customary to refer to chants, songs, and other compositions, by the first two or three words.

A. M. C.—At a party where kisses are forfeits in games, as well as on any other occasion, no *gentleman* would insist on kissing a girl against her will. You acted in a becoming manner in refraining from taking by force a forfeit that would not be yielded voluntarily.

Patriot.—Mr. Buchanan is the fifteenth President of the United States. Andrew Jackson was the sixth There have been two accidental Presidents, Tyler and Fillmore, who acceded to the office on the death of their respective predecessors.

Miss A. H., Toronto, C. W.—The story to which you refer was commenced in the Ledger of May 9th, 1857; and the numbers from that date to the present, inclusive, will cost $1 92. You would also have to pay the American postage, which would amount to twenty-four cents, making in all $2 16.

Ark.—We imagine that the fears expressed by some that the wearing of steel hoops by a lady, will unusually expose her to the danger of being struck by lightning, are ill-founded. Thus far, there has been no such deplorable result from that cause.

H. W. M.—We do not know to whom "a young lady fully determined to be an actress should apply to bring her forward in her career." All the advice we can give to such a misguided girl is that she should speedily change her mind.

Mason's Girl.—It is customary for gentlemen to rise when ladies come into the room, unless the company is large; and when gentlemen callers leave, it is customary for the ladies to rise on giving them the parting salutations.

Clara.—When ladies keep little dogs to accompany them in their walks, we are apt to conclude that they are fond of puppies; more especially if they take the arm of any gentleman who is dressed in the little dog fashion.

Cibolo.—Go on, in a straightforward manner. Be as loving, and kind, and considerate as possible, *assuming* that everything is all right, and your "affianced" will soon get over her timidity and distrust.

A. B. C.—We have no information concerning the "Jennings Estate" or the heirs to the same. We have a suspicion, however, that nobody except the lawyers will ever get any money out of the litigation.

A Boy.—A thorough mastery of the English branches, and a good knowledge of chemistry, will be the most useful course of study for you preliminary to the entering upon the business of a druggist.

Iowa.—Pimples on the face are caused by gluttony, laziness, impurity of the blood, etc.. etc. Spare and simple diet, with plenty of exercise, will soon occasion them to disappear.

E. L. G.—You had better have nothing to do with the selling of the lottery tickets sent you, unless you wish to subject yourself to a prosecution and perhaps fine and imprisonment.

Quid Facium.—There is no need of your fretting yourself about your awkwardness, and the society of girls, &c. Such matters regulate themselves after one's beard has grown.

A. E. S.—We have no "contributor" in the town of Fayette in the State of Iowa. The magazine you mention is published in this city.

M.—A man who would keep a girl in suspense seven years as to his "intentions" must be a selfish fellow, and should be brought to the point at once.

Gussie.—A woman should never importune a lover to come and see her oftener than he chooses to come voluntarily.

Disappointment.—You are very foolish to make a fuss about such a trifling matter. The girl's conduct was innocent, and yours is absurd.

Hose Cart.—We think that the indiscriminate assaults upon firemen in which some journals indulge are unjust and foolish.

A Subscriber.—In the Ledger for March 16th, 1857, you will find full information concerning the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Ella.—We do not remember the article you mention. We publish so many "good things" in the Ledger that we can not carry them all in our memory.

Legend.—The only place in which the stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., can be found is the New York Ledger, the back numbers of which can be had from June 7th, 1856.

Superstition.—The origin of superstition was human nature itself. It is probable that not a human being has ever lived on earth who was or is *entirely* void of superstition.

B. C.—If the case is as you represent it to be, and if your employers are worth the amount, you can recover your salary for the year.

J. S.—You seem altogether too susceptible to the influence of the tender passion. Perhaps marriage will cure you.

Claude.—It takes about a month for a letter to come from San Francisco to New York, and the postage is ten cents.

R. E. F.—You can not recover the money lost in the United States mail. The government pays no such losses.

G. A. H.—There would be no harm whatever in your writing the young lady a respectful letter.

George S. P.—We would give you the information if we knew what was the question you asked.

A School Girl.—The heir to the French throne is whoever can take possession of and keep it.

F. O. V.—The man has no right to your wages, and you should object to his taking them.

Sallust.—The "waters of Lethe" mean the waters of oblivion.

S. F. H.—General Putnam was not shot in any battle.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*